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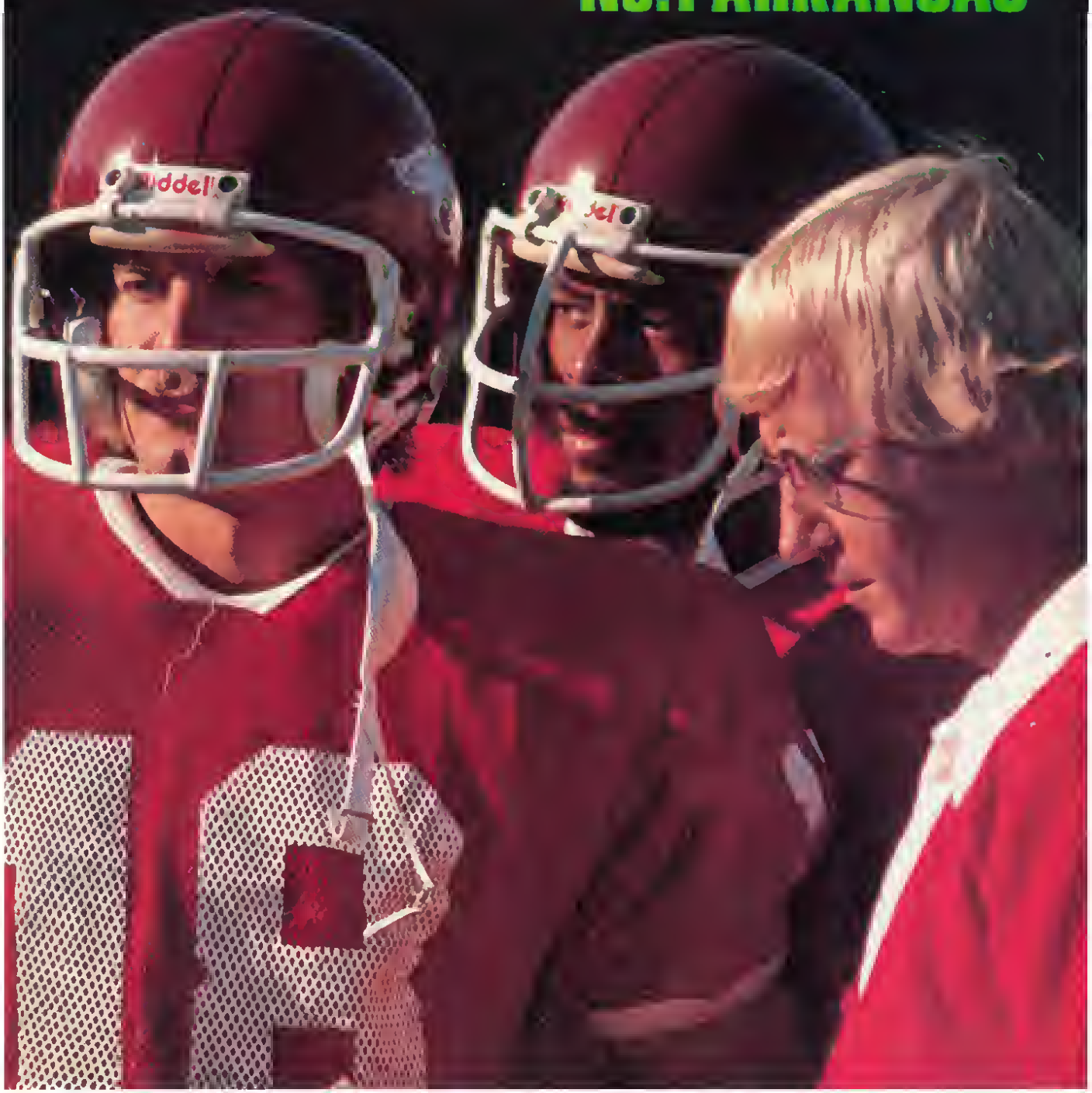

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THE WAY THE BALL BOUNCES on Deco-Turf may well determine who will win the U.S. Open. Curry Kirkpatrick and Barry McDermott are at courtside at Flushing Meadow, the tournament's new home, to follow the bouncing balls.

IS THE BLOOM still on Rose Bowl champion Washington? The surprising Huskies can expect a thorny afternoon when they meet highly rated UCLA in the opening game of the newly expanded Pac-10 Conference. Joe Jares reports on the action.

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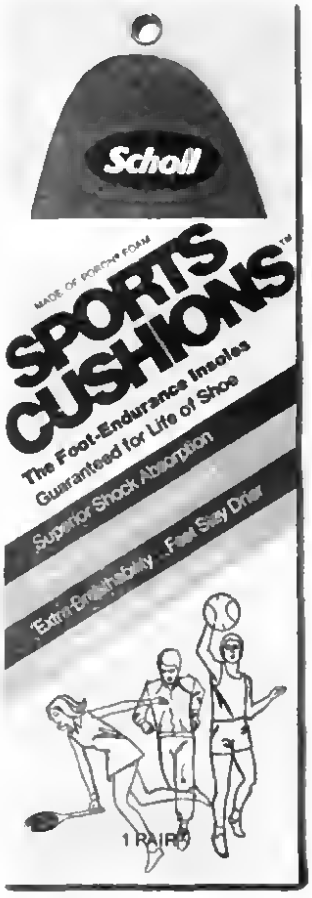

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

When we hired Doug Looney as a staff writer in October 1975, we were under the impression that he was one person. Now we aren't so sure we didn't get Looney and a clone. How else explain the fact that the man seems to be able to cover, say, football in Arkansas and harness racing in Illinois at one and the very same time? In his first year with SI, Looney wrote 24 articles, and when we introduced him to you two years ago in this space, he had two pieces in that issue. He has also written two pieces for this issue—one on the Hambletonian (*page 26*) and the other on Razorback Football Coach Lou Holtz (*page 40*).

The truth is that beneath the lanky, easygoing Looney exterior, there thrums a dynamo. The reporters who have gone on the road with Doug will tell you that it's hazardous to your health. "The man never eats," says Senior Reporter Demmie Stathoplos, veteran of a number of Looney road trips. "When we were down in Hialeah in the spring of 1977, dogging the Seattle Slew crew, we were up at 6 a.m. every day, and I was grateful to Doug for allowing me to grab breakfast in the track kitchen. I actually saw him eat some eggs and toast once, but lunch did not exist. Dinner was unheard of. He works like crazy."

LOONEY, AT HIS UNACCUSTOMED EASE

Looney seems to have more than met his match in Holtz, who is also a perpetual-motion machine and, like Looney, a fount of one-liners. "I was with him for days," Doug says. "After one particularly strenuous siege, when we'd been jumping all over the country, I struggled home to Westport, Conn. absolutely exhausted. I was sitting with my head in my hands, and my wife was commiserating with me, when the phone rang. She picked it up. 'Hey, Mary Ann,' the caller said, 'this is Lou Holtz. I was wondering where your husband is. He called me a week or so ago and said he was coming to see me, and he hasn't showed up yet.' Just Holtz' way of making my home a happy one. The call probably was collect."

Reviewing the past two years, Looney says that his favorite sport is whichever one he is writing about at the moment, and his alltime favorite game will turn out to be the one they are playing in front of him.

Looney downplays his own athletic career, terming it "abysmal." "My best sport was basketball," he says, "and I was diligent about shoveling snow from my backyard court [in Boulder, Colo.] so I could practice. But I was better at the shoveling than shooting. I did think I would be selected for my high school team, because one of my folks' best friends, Merle Lefferdink, was the coach, but he cut me. Today he says if he had it all to do over again, he would cut me."

About his story on Holtz, Looney says, "When a subject opens himself up to an interviewer as completely as Lou did to me, the risk is all his. It evidences a certain self-confidence, but few coaches are better than he is. Or better company. It will be a long time before I forget Lou What's-his-name."

Peter E. Sutton

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VIEWPOINT

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

HOORAY FOR THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE, BECAUSE FISH CAN BE PATRIOTS, TOO

Many anglers consider artificial fly-tying not merely a necessary adjunct to their sport, but also a veritable art. In fact, for a salmon fly called the Jock Scott, the tying instructions take up 43 lines in *McClane's New Standard Fishing Encyclopedia and International Angling Guide* and call for such exotic feathers as golden pheasant crest, speckled bustard, yellow toucan breast, black ostrich herl, green peacock sword, bronze mallard, and blue and yellow macaw. After spending the time and effort necessary to accumulate these ingredients and fasten them to a fishhook, to then toss the complex and lovely creation into a river on the off chance of hooking a salmon seems almost foolish.

Yet anglers make and use Jock Scotts and thousands of other flies as well. The Jock Scott is an attractor fly, one designed to tempt strikes from fish such as salmon or steelhead that seldom, if ever, feed in freshwater. There are many theories as to why non-feeding fish will strike a fly. Perhaps it is a distant memory of juvenile freshwater feeding habits or a fishy form of anger or playfulness, as when a kitten pounces on a feather or a piece of string. Precisely why such flies work—or, more often, don't work—we may never know, but that only fans the endless hours of discussion and even violent debate on the subject. Some anglers tout small, bright flies, others like big, dark flies. There are advocates of heavily dressed flies and of sparsely dressed ones. Of flies on hooks with upturned eyes vs. those with downturned eyes. Mylar-tied vs. tinsel-tied. Yarn vs. chenille. Fish are drawn to orange and red, some say. No, answer others, bright colors scare them. I've heard it all.

Recently I spent two seasons working at a fishing lodge and listening to the endless debate. By the middle of the second summer I'd had it. Sick and tired of hearing about the merits of various flies, I decided to publicly prove what I had long believed—that it didn't make a bit of difference *what* fly you used, just so you used it well. If an angler could locate fish and cast efficiently, he could catch anything, and if he couldn't cast, then no Jock Scott, Black Prince or Golden Deamon, no matter how perfectly tied, would help. To prove my point, I created what must rank as the most ridiculous attractor fly in the long history of angling.

Since, according to my theory, the colors, shape and size don't really matter, the most challenging aspect was to come up with a catchy name. Many flies, including the Jock

Scott, are named after their creators, but I didn't feel that the "Mike Baughman" would have wide appeal. Finally, in deference to the lodge's generally upper-middle-class Republican clientele, I called my fly the Right Wing Special. I might add that this name was chosen in a spirit of fun and, happily, was accepted as such.

The name clearly dictated the tying pattern. The Right Wing Special was made to imitate a tiny American flag. Mr. McClane, you have my permission to include this recipe in the next edition of your encyclopedia.

Tail: Red

Body: Starting from the back, bands of red, white and blue chenille

Hackle: White

Wing: Starting at the bottom, layers of red, white and blue bucktail

Head: Lacquered red

My first half dozen Right Wing Specials were tied late one July afternoon, and five were handed out to guests on their way to the evening's fishing. No one turned down a Right Wing Special, but then no one took them very seriously, either. When these guests returned at dark (all of them fishless, as I recall), I learned that not one of them had condescended to try the fly.

I, however, had used mine to hook three steelhead, landing two eight-pounders and breaking off on the third and larger fish. When I relayed this information at dinner—modestly, I thought—there was some mild laughter, gentle headshaking, then a quick change of subject.

The following evening, armed with six more Right Wing Specials, I went out with one of the guests. He had been fishing hard for four or five days without so much as a strike. We tried the pool where I had fished the previous evening. Using a Right Wing Special—and with just a little advice on his casts—he landed two steelhead in half an hour, one a thick, bright female of 30 inches and 10 pounds.

It was just what I needed. When the news was related that night at dinner, no one laughed. In fact, no one even smiled. Fishermen are serious folk when they think they might be on to something. The Right Wing Special quickly caught on. I gave out dozens of them through the summer, and I'm sure that they accounted for as many fish as any other pattern.

Yet, despite the success of the Right Wing Special, I no longer fish with it myself. I have recently switched to a fly tied in honor of my wife's homeland, West Germany. The *Deutsche Spezial* is gold, black and red. To achieve its full and impressive potential it must first be soaked overnight in strong Bavarian beer. Laugh if you like, but don't knock it till you've tried it.

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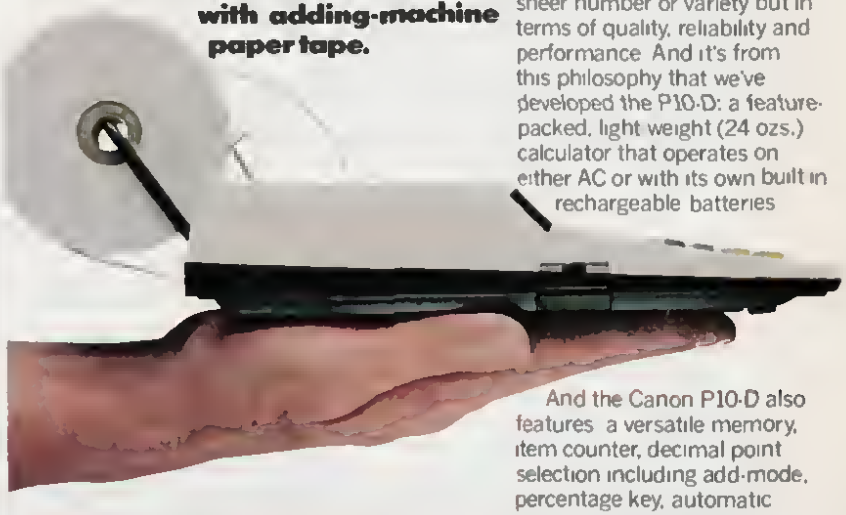

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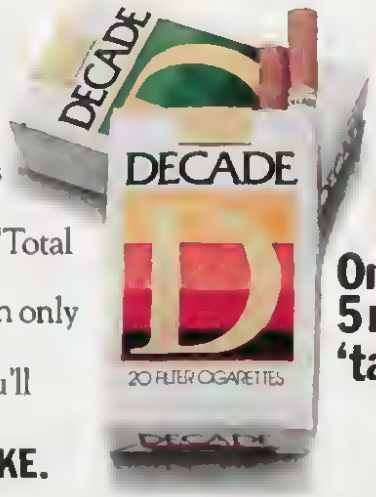

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SCORECARD

Edited by E. M. SWIFT

ACES

Holes in one are, by their very nature, out of the ordinary, but this summer there have been some aces that can only be described as downright bizarre. In Schererville, Ind., for instance, Roland Richards, who was mowing the course, parked his tractor near the 4th tee to chat with some friends who were playing. He borrowed a six-iron, teed up, and hit a 140-yard shot into the hole, after which he thanked his friends, climbed on his tractor and went back to work.

That's one way to skip buying a round of drinks for everyone in the clubhouse, as tradition demands, but Gordon Barrett and Charles Klein came up with another. On the 172-yard 6th hole at the Columbus, Texas golf course, Barrett and Klein both hit good-looking shots into the blind green. When they came over the ridge, only one ball was visible. "There's one in the hole," their playing partner yelled. "What make are you playing?"

"Top Flite 1," they both replied.

Because there were no identifying marks on either ball, neither could claim the hole in one.

At the Quilchena Golf Club in Richmond, Vancouver, Ron Peterson and Barry Abraham approached the 155-yard 13th hole. It was Peterson's honor, and he took out a six-iron and knocked his ball into the hole. As reported in the Vancouver *Province*, "While he [Peterson] was still jumping up and down congratulating himself, Abraham selected the same iron and duplicated the feat." The odds on two players making consecutive holes in one are about 2 billion to 1. The third member of the threesome, facing odds of 90,071,134,505,408 to 1 for a third straight ace, choked and got a par-3.

But the strangest hole in one of the year occurred on the Manoir Richelieu Course in Murray Bay, Quebec. John Basaraba hit his tee shot six inches from the cup on the 165-yard 9th hole. As he and the other members of his foursome walked toward the green, a crow landed beside his ball, picked it up in its beak and dropped it into the hole. A hole in one? "No," says Basaraba. "According to the rules, it can't count as one because an outside agency was involved."

Oh, pooh! That was no agency. That was a crow making an eagle of a birdie.

NIX ON ASTERISKS

This is likely to be a banner year for record-breaking performances in the NFL. The reason, simply, is that there are two extra games on the schedule in which to break season records.

The league has announced that existing records will not be protected by an asterisk, as was Babe Ruth's 60 home runs in a 154-game season after Roger Maris hit 61 in 162 games. Precedent was set in 1961, when the NFL schedule expanded from 12 to 14 games without a proviso to accompany new records with asterisks. The league had established the 12-game schedule in 1947, and before that the number of games in a given season varied from nine to 16. NFL officials felt it was simpler just to keep one set of records.

The mark that would appear most vulnerable is O. J. Simpson's season rushing total of 2,003 yards, set in 1973. That year he averaged more than 143 yards a game. For a player to rush 2,004 yards over the new 16-game schedule, he would have to average 125.3 yards per game. Only three backs have ever averaged that much in a season. Jimmy Brown did it twice (1958, 1963), averaging 133.1 in his best year; Simpson twice (1973, 1975); and Walter Payton once (1977), when he averaged 132.3.

Among the other records that have stood the test of time are three remaining from the old 12-game schedule. Dick (Night Train) Lane had 14 interceptions with the Rams in 1952; Jack Christiansen returned four punts for touchdowns with Detroit in 1951 (his record was tied by Rick Upchurch of Denver in 1976); and Don Hutson of Green Bay (1942) and Elroy (Crazylegs) Hirsch of Los Angeles (1951) had 17 touchdown receptions, a record tied in a 14-game season by Houston's Bill Groman in 1961.

But the mark that seems virtually indestructible, no matter how many games are added to the schedule, is the one set in 1960 for most points in one season. Paul Hornung of the Packers scored 15 touchdowns and kicked 41 extra points and 15 field goals for an astounding 176 points in 12 games. Last season three NFL *teams* didn't score that many points in 14 games—including Green Bay, coached by the quarterback of Hornung's 1960 squad, Bart Starr.

MISCREANT MANES

Fishermen curse their slimy lines, and swimmers gingerly tread the beaches. The reason is that the waters off New York and Connecticut have been aswarm with stinging jellyfish in unprecedented numbers. The main villain is the Lion's

Mane, a northern species that ordinarily abounds off Nova Scotia, where it floats bloblike with winds and currents, trailing poisonous tentacles that have been known to reach 50 feet in length. In *The Adventure of the Lion's Mane*, Sherlock Holmes remarked of the beast, "*Cyanea capillata* is the misereant's full name, and [it] can be as dangerous to life, and far more painful, than the bite of the cobra."

Last week Dr. Jefferson Turner of the New York Ocean Science Laboratory at Montauk, Long Island, reported going through masses of Lion's Manes in Block Island Sound, some with bodies—or "bells"—the size of a catcher's mitt. Dr.

continued

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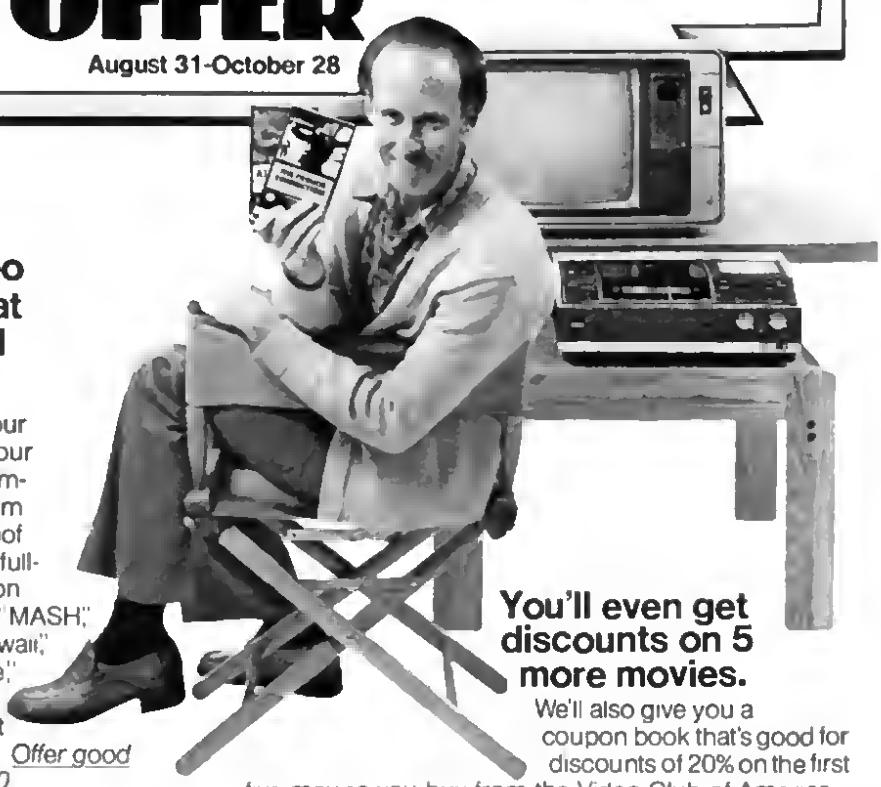

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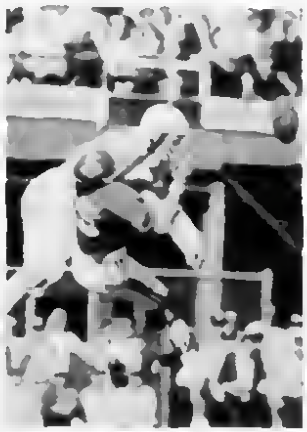

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BRITISH LEYLAND

Turner had first noticed something fishy back in June, when small Lion's Manes began appearing in New York waters about two months ahead of schedule. An adult lives only one season, about six months, but as long as it lives it grows—like the Blob—feeding mostly on other species of jellyfish.

But there are few things feeding on the Lion's Mane. In the Orient, people eat jellyfish, but in the Atlantic the only predators are giant ocean sunfish (*Mola mola*) and sea turtles. Inasmuch as jellyfish are mostly water, and at best 3% protein, it is suspected that their protein may contain some unknown growth stimulus, since the leatherback turtle, which can reach 1,500 pounds and is the heaviest reptile on earth, gorges itself on jellyfish. The loggerhead turtle apparently gets a high on the jellyfish called the Portuguese man-of-war. After chomping them down, loggerheads have bloodshot eyes and are oblivious to the approach of boats.

Dr. Ronald J. Larson, a visiting scientist at the Smithsonian Institution, is one of the few jellyfish specialists in the world. Says Larson, "The jellyfish problem is here to stay. It's because of what we've done to the ocean. Natural food chains have been upset, and so jellyfish are replacing 'more desirable' creatures that we can eat. The first place we're going to see jellyfish is in estuaries and inshore waters that take the heaviest load of pollution. Jellyfish are what nature has come up with to continue the energy flow." How do we combat them? "Maybe we should raise turtles."

MT. VERNON

Finding him a nickname was a lot easier than finding him a football uniform. Freshman Vernon Broadnax is believed to be the largest player in college football. Only 18, he stands 6′ 6″ and weighs 410 pounds, drip dry.

To accommodate Mt. Vernon's 56″ waist, the Murray State (Ky.) trainer had to cut up two pairs of shorts, then sew them back together as one so that Broadnax would have something to wear in practice. His shoulder pads, helmet, pants and size-16 shoes all had to be specially ordered—not once, but twice—because Mt. Vernon, who is Murray State's starting right offensive tackle, grew over the summer. When Murray State signed Broadnax to his football scholarship, he weighed 360 pounds and was immediately put on a diet. "I didn't stick to it," Mt. Vernon said, and over the summer he put on 50 more pounds.

His coach, Mike Gottfried, says, "The first day he came in here, I told our trainer, 'I want his weight down right away.' We assigned a student manager to go to his room every night to make sure he ate nothing. The only way we could weigh him was to send him over in a van to shipping and receiving. He weighed 410 on the truck scales before we started practice. Ten days later, after two-a-day practices in 90° heat, we sent him back to shipping and receiving and he still weighed exactly 410."

Broadnax came in third in the Ohio high school wrestling championships as a senior at Xenia High, and he can bench press 325 pounds. When his specially made pants finally arrived they were "much, much too big," according to Broadnax—something his teammates have mentioned about Mt. Vernon himself during pileups. "Our offensive linemen are always concerned where he's going to fall," says his coach.

Nonetheless, nothing but greatness is anticipated for Mt. Vernon's career at Murray State. Says Gottfried, "He'll surely be one of the first guys in Murray history to get his uniform retired because there's not going to be anybody to wear it after he's gone, I'll guarantee you."

PSEUDONYM

After a recent television interview, Yankee Coach Yogi Berra was given a check for $100. The check read, "Pay to Bearer." Yogi took a look at it and said to the interviewer, "Come on. You've known me long enough to know how to spell my name."

SKIFLATION

When the Sun Valley Ski Company announced this summer that it intended to hike the price of lift tickets for the fourth time in the last six years, a group of local skiers decided to fight. They called themselves the Skiflation Committee and collected about 2,200 names on a petition, which they presented to the U.S. Forest Service. The Forest Service owns a portion of the land—Mount Baldy—where the ski runs are, and it must approve all price increases. To date it has operated on the principle that ski areas are competitive and has let the Sun Valley Ski Company regulate itself. Skiflation, however, maintains that this has amounted to the sanctioning of price-fixing among Aspen, Vail and Sun Valley—all of which will charge $15 for a daily pass this season. Further, Skiflation has pointed out that while out-of-towners can choose which ski area to fly to, local residents are locked into Sun Valley, which they feel, for all practical purposes, has made the mountain a monopoly.

The Forest Service has responded by allowing some of the price hikes and blocking others. The end result is that the price of a daily lift ticket has been raised from $13 to $15 for a non-resident; from $6.50 to $8.50 for a resident paying a $100 fee; and from $525 to $550 for a season pass. A half-day ticket remains at $9—the price of a full-day ticket in 1973. All these prices are consistent with what is charged at most of the other major ski areas in the country, with the exception of the Salt Lake City area, where competition has kept daily lift tickets between Snowbird's $12 and Alta's $7.50, which is probably the best buy in the country. In the East, Stowe, as usual, is leading the way by charging $16 a day for the coming season, but as yet no Skiflation committees have surfaced to protest.

Earl Holding, the owner of Sun Valley, bristles at the very mention of Skiflation. He refuses to disclose his company's finances but claims that during the most recent 16-month period, its net profit after taxes was less than 1%, and it was all used for the $3 million worth of improvements on Mount Baldy. "The $8.50 we charge our local skiers is way below our cost," Holding says, "but they're the ones causing all the trouble. They say we're turning skiing into a rich man's sport. That's ludicrous. The price of a lift ticket is a bargain any way you look at it. If skiing is a rich man's sport, what is Disney World?"

For the record, Disney World is $10 for twelve adventures.

THEY SAID IT

- Bobby Murcer, Chicago Cubs rightfielder, after facing Phil Niekro, the Atlanta Braves' knuckleballer: "Trying to hit him is like trying to eat Jell-O with chopsticks."
- Don Zimmer, Boston Red Sox manager, on his pitching this year, compared to last: "We don't have anybody like Rick Wise and Fergie Jenkins, who cried all the time, got the hell beat out of them and blamed me." **END**

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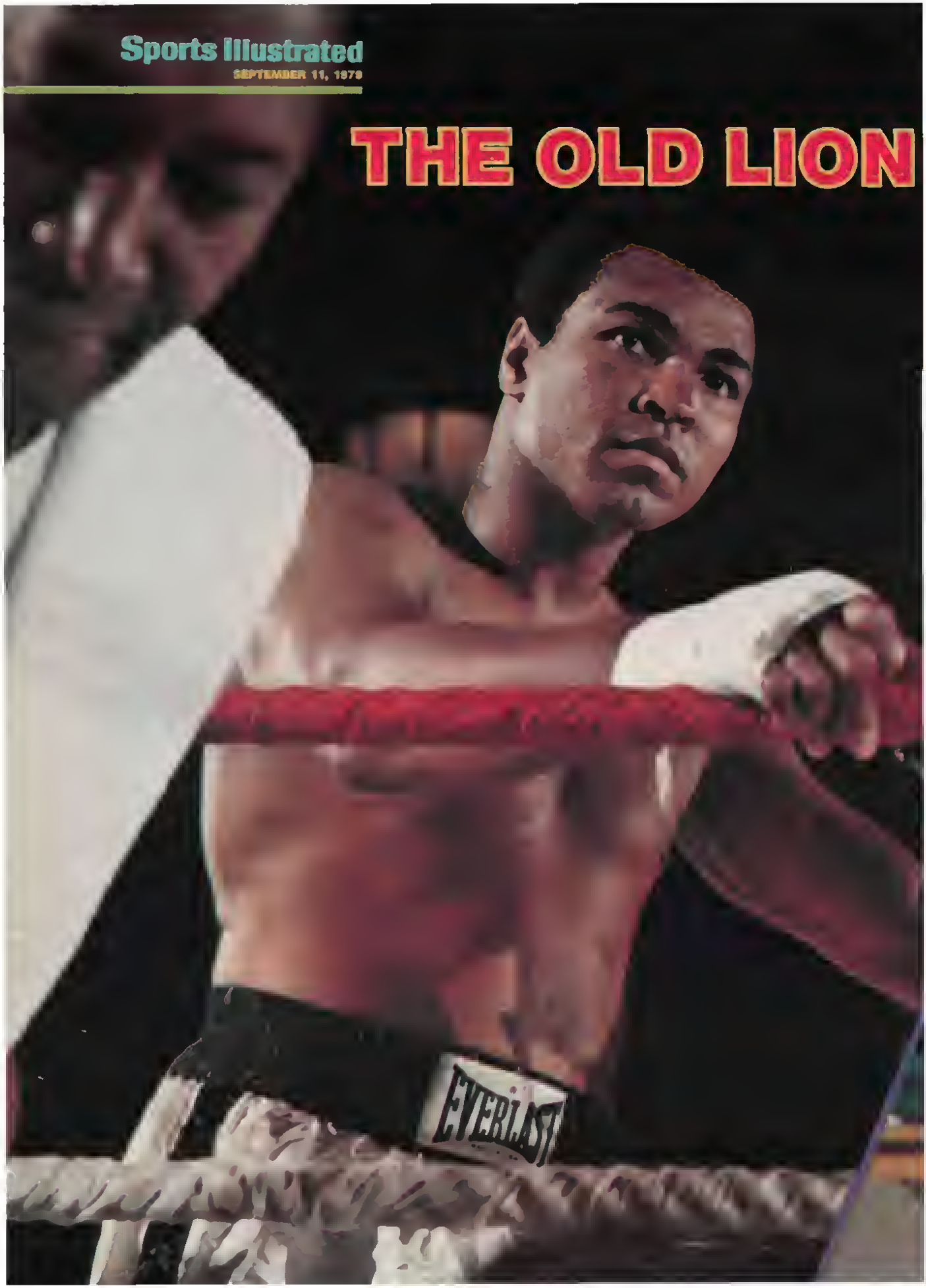
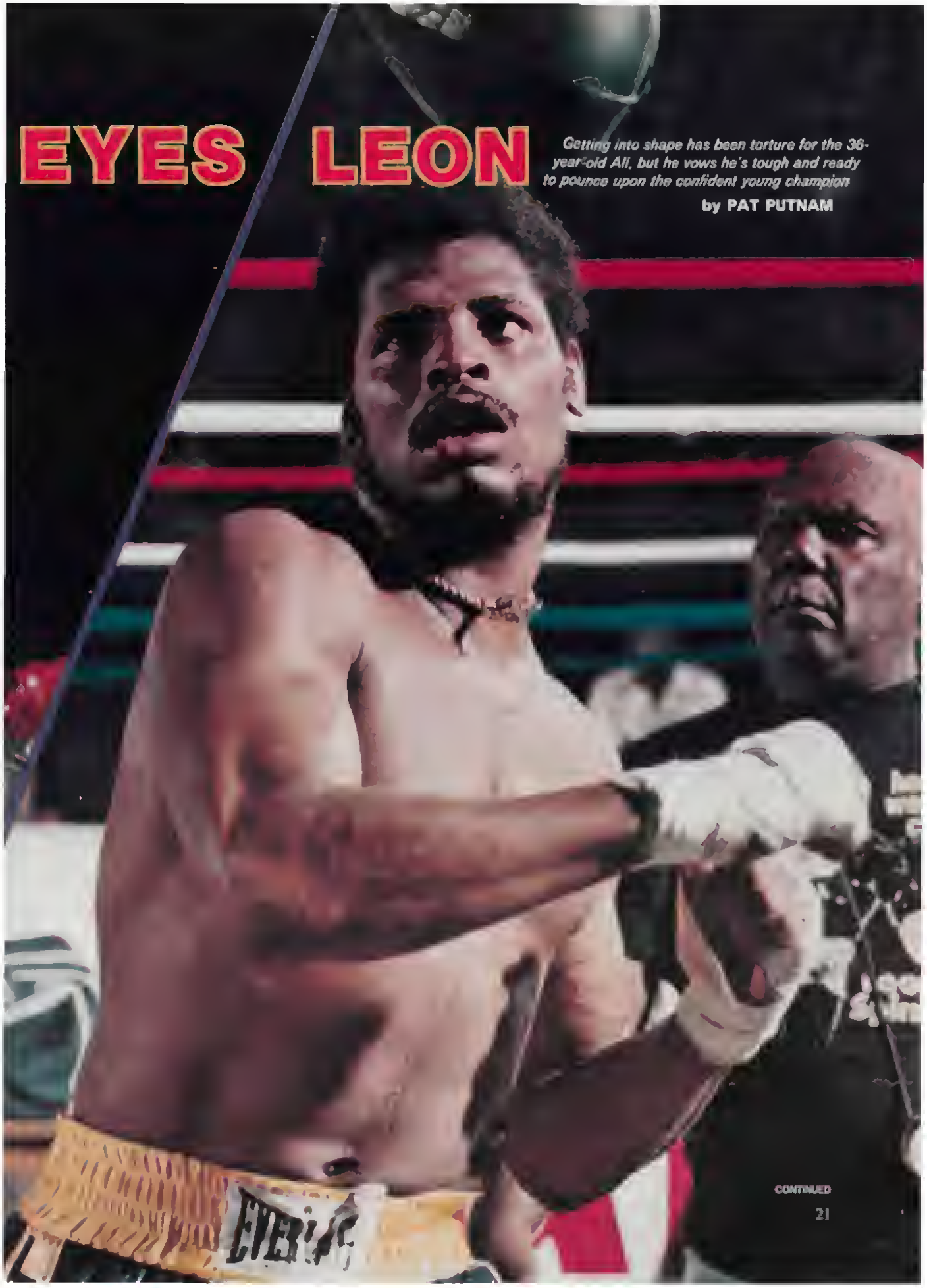
THE OLD LION



EYES LEON

Getting into shape has been torture for the 36-year-old Ali, but he vows he's tough and ready to pounce upon the confident young champion

by PAT PUTNAM



CONTINUED

Their first fight last February went the full 15 rounds. But this time, who knows? One powerful punch could terminate the rematch in, say, less than one minute. Or one round. Or 10 rounds. As A. J. Liebling once noted, "In a return match, it is always possible that there has occurred, subsequent or consequent to the first encounter, a change in the emotional relationship of the two principals."

If there is one certainty about the second world heavyweight championship fight between Leon Spinks and Muhammad Ali next Friday night in the New Orleans Superdome, it is that there has indeed been a change in the emotional relationship between the two. With the new champion, it is subtle, if one can credit Spinks with such depth. With Ali, the change of mood is so great as to be startling.

Ever since the third Joe Frazier fight almost three years ago, Ali had permitted his great skills to be eroded by boredom; he didn't even generate much zip for his third fight with Ken Norton or the fight with Earnie Shavers. The end result of this lassitude—and the decline brought about by age—was that last February in Las Vegas he was beaten (in his own thinking, he was humiliated) by a youngster with but seven professional fights. And now, preparing for what he vows is a last go-round at 36, Ali has punished mind and body more than he ever has before.

When the ex-champion (and oh, how he hates the ex-) arrived in New Orleans last Thursday, he had sparred more than 200 rounds. And not for a second in any of those rounds did he practice the rope-a-dope. For his first meeting with Spinks, Ali reportedly sparred less than 50 rounds. "About two rounds every ninth day," says a member of Ali's entourage. "And even then, he'd just lay against the ropes and let Michael Dokes punch him on the arms."

"All my life I knew the day would come when I would have to kill myself," Ali says. "I always dreaded it. And now it's here. Never have I suffered like I'm forcing myself to suffer now. I've worked this hard for a fight before, but never, never for this long. To win, all I need to do is suffer. I don't want to lose and then spend the rest of my life looking back and saying, 'Damn, I should have trained harder.' "

Ali says that he wants to win this last fight more than anything he ever wanted. Even more, he says, than the gold medal at the Rome Olympics, more than the championship he won from Sonny Liston, more than the championship he won for the second time, from George Foreman in 1974. Ali wants to be the first man in history to win the heavyweight title three times—and then to retire as champion.

"All I needed was the motivating," Ali says. "I'm the type of man who has got to have pressure. Liston. Foreman. Frazier. The second Norton fight. Real bad dudes. I need that. Those were my great fights. Those were the real Ali." His face wrinkles, as though he has tasted something bad. His right hand cuts through the air, backhanding an imaginary and minor opponent. "Those other dudes," he growls. "The Joe Blows. How can a fighter get up for them? Look at the record. Blue Lewis. I looked bad. Coopman. I looked bad. Wepner. I looked bad. Evangelista. I looked bad."

He pauses and then smiles. "Spinks. I looked bad. I thought that fight was a joke. I was embarrassed fighting him. That's why I wouldn't talk before the fight. I didn't train. I didn't run. I don't know who said I sparred 50 rounds; all I remember is about six. I was fat, out of shape, tired. I got tired just walking into the ring. I let him rob my house while I was out to lunch. Spinks fought an illusion. This time he's got to fight Muhammad Ali."

With Spinks, the change is less obvious. It is mostly a refinement in self-assurance, from street-fight cocky to the cool confidence of a champion. He had floundered in the first flood of public adulation, but now his feet seem to be on firmer ground, despite the zealous attention paid to his nocturnal adventures. Like Ali, Spinks has trained long and hard for this fight, and if there is any worry in his camp, it is that he may have trained too long and too hard. At any time of the day or night, be it two o'clock in the afternoon or 3:30 in the morning, he'll suddenly take off on a six-mile run, winding up the last half mile with a furious sprint.

"I ask him what he is training for, a 15-round fight or a marathon?" says Sam Solomon, the champion's trainer. "He is jogging six miles in combat boots. I ask him, 'What's the rush?' "

With a grin and a shrug, Spinks dismisses Solomon's lament. "I know my body best, and I do what I think is best for it. After all, I'm the one fighting Ali, the one hitting and getting hit. I'm the boss. When you train hard you can fight hard. And that's the only way I know how to fight. Right now I've got the whole fight in my mind, and all I'm trying to do is put what's in my mind into my body. I whipped Ali the first time doing it my way. I don't see any good reason to change."

Although he had been training in secret since April 2, with roadwork and calisthenics, Ali retreated to his mountain stronghold at Deer Lake, Pa. on the second day of August, and there he thrashed the body that had betrayed him last February. He would arise each morning at five o'clock, dress in a blue jogging suit with white stripes on the sleeves, and then, still half asleep, he would stumble out into the darkness to ring the huge bell he has set up behind his private log cabin. The Boss, the bell said, was ready to go to work.

Once he was sure that everybody in the camp was awake, Ali would make his way to the small white mosque for a half hour of prayer and meditation. "It's where I do my thinking about living and dying," he says.

For his part, Ali hates to run, but he drove himself unrelentingly before leaving his camp for New Orleans. He would run on the rutted, rural back roads and in the hills, plodding in pain, gasping for air, mile after mile, pushing himself another 100 yards, another quarter mile. He was followed in a battered old car by Gene Kilroy, his business manager, and Bundini Brown, his faithful second and constant companion. "I want to stop, but I can't," he tried to explain one morning. "My chest burns, my throat is dry, I feel like I'm going to faint. My body begs me to stop. But I make myself run another mile, two more miles up those damn hills. Pain, all the time I'm in pain. I hurt all over. I hate it but I'm taking it. I'm making myself suffer. I have to suffer. I know this is my last fight and it's the last time I'll ever have to do it. Just a few more weeks of pain and suffering to live good all the rest of my life, to always be champion."

For the first Spinks fight, Ali weighed 224¼, including a huge belt of jiggling

Heling every step, Ali jogged mile after painful mile promising himself This is the last time

midsection that sagged over the top of his trunks He had trained in Miami Beach, and always in a rubber suit. He had believed that if he boiled away the fat, if he looked trim, then he would be in shape At least in shape to beat Spinks. "He didn't have nobody down there in Miami but a couple of yes-men, who—if you look around now—you won't see," Bundini says "He'd say, 'Do I look good?' And they'd say, 'Yes.' He'd say, 'Am I in shape?' And they'd say, 'Yes, you're in shape.' When he came to Las Vegas to fight he looked like a big beautiful cake. Only there wasn't nothin' inside it."

Eight days before he left for New Orleans, 24 days before he would fight again, Ali got on a scale and weighed 226 pounds. His midsection obviously could stand more trimming, but the roll of fat so evident in his last eight fights wasn't there. In sparring, he had worked like the Ali of old, in the center of the ring. He kept moving and jabbing, his back never touching the ropes; moving in to throw a jab, a right hand, a hook, and then moving quickly away.

"It's like he's turned the clock back 10 years," says Angelo Dundee, who has trained Ali most of his career. "Look at the muscle tone I haven't seen that in years. He's gone back to chopping down trees, to punishing himself with calisthenics, to working when he spars instead of just letting people hit on him God, he looks beautiful."

For this fight, Ali brought in five new sparring partners, among them Fred Reeds, at 160 pounds, for speed work, and Tony Tubbs, 219, and Magic Davis, 217, for small wars. "I sparred with him a couple of rounds before the first fight," says Davis, a 19-year-old who has won his only pro fight. "All he'd do was lay against the ropes and let you hit him. Here it's a whole different story. He's really getting his punches off He's never on the ropes. In Miami he looked like two cents. Here he looks like a million dollars."

And each day there were calisthenics, mostly sit-ups of various kinds, more than 300 at a crack, each under the watchful eyes of Luis Sarria, the tiny black man of undetermined age who speaks only Spanish and has been with Ali since 1965 "The people don't see this," Ali says, gasping as Sarria motions him to begin a new set of sit-ups "All they see is my big mouth flapping Of course, the first fight they couldn't have seen nothing, because I didn't do nothing Now look at me Killing myself. But no belly, no fat jaws, I'm pretty again. I'm going to go out as the world champion, moving and dancing I can feel it. And, God, how it hurts."

For the rematch, Spinks, after some leisurely workouts at Hilton Head, S.C., has followed exactly the same training path that led him to the heavyweight title—from Kutsher's in the Catskills to a motel in Hammonton, N.J., from which he drove 100 miles round trip each day to train at the Police Gym in Upper Darby, on the outskirts of Philadelphia The stay at Hilton Head from June 1 until the third week in July was more for relaxation than for training, although Spinks chopped his way through a small forest to build upper-body strength. He is an excellent swimmer, and mostly he spent his time in the pool, or playing tennis or basketball. And he went dancing.

There was reason for following the same path, doing everything the same way Spinks is a man of many superstitions. Cracked mirrors, black cats, walking under ladders all terrify him "There's no way I'll let a black cat cross in front of me," he says. "Or if I'm driving and see a black cat on the other side of the road, I'll turn around and go the other way. And if I'm walking with someone and they split a pole between us, I'll ask them to come on back and do it over again right."

As for Spinks' working schedule, "People said he wasn't training, that he was out fooling around," says Solomon,

continued

"They said he's out of shape. He's only 25 and he dances all night. Now you tell me, how's he going to get out of shape? Did you ever try the dances he does? I'd drop dead."

At Kutsher's, Spinks got serious, running many miles, most of them up and down hills, training hard but sparring only 11 rounds. Solomon thought it was too soon to do a lot of sparring. Besides, just as he had for the last fight, Spinks began to lose too much weight too quickly. By the time he began working out in Upper Darby, he was down 12 pounds to 190. For the first fight he had come in strong at 197¼.

By mid-August, Spinks' weight, or lack of it, had Solomon in a near-panic. He telephoned Dr. Robert Bass in Philadelphia, who advised him to start the champion on vitamins. "The problem is the heat," Solomon says. "Leon hates the heat. He just loses all desire to eat. He's eating two meals a day, but he's not eating much."

Spinks' idea of a meal was raw eggs and two bottles of beer. "People think it's wrong for an athlete to drink beer," he says. "It's good for you. Especially a boxer. You train and lose all that salt. Two beers puts it right back in your body. It's not what you drink that hurts you, it's how much."

Six weeks before the first Ali fight, Spinks' weight also had dropped off to 190 pounds. In desperation, Chet Cummings, Spinks' personal public-relations representative, went to Reliable Caterers at 145th and Broadway in Harlem and ordered $348 worth of soul food. The next day a truck arrived at Kutsher's filled with ham hocks and collard greens, oxtails, spareribs, neck bones, black-eyed peas, candied yams, fried chicken and corn bread. "Everything a fighter shouldn't eat," says an amazed Solomon. "And his weight went right back to normal. For him, it's the right food. I guess we are just going to have to do the same thing again."

In comparison to Ali, whose staff of more than 20 at Deer Lake cost him $12,000 a month, Spinks' entourage was tiny. Besides Solomon and Cummings, there were only Assistant Trainer Art Redden, a Marine gunnery sergeant, and his wife Marsha; Billy Walker, the equipment manager; administrative aide Butch Wilfork, sparring partner Leroy Diggs; and Betty the cook.

"Ali's got me outnumbered until we get in the ring," says Spinks. "Then it's just him and me. Outside the ring, he talks a lot and I don't say much. He's still my idol. He always will be. But in the ring, when he throws a punch, I get to throw a punch back. In the ring he's just another guy between me and me doing my *thing*."

A 17-year Marine Corps veteran and now the boxing coach at Camp Lejeune, Redden discovered Spinks and was his first trainer. He had found Spinks punching a heavy bag in the gym at Lejeune. "He was the right size, so I talked him into fighting this guy from the 82nd Airborne at Fort Bragg. In the second round Leon jumped all over the guy and the guy quit," says Redden. "He learned a lot then, but when he turned pro, he forgot a lot. But now I watch him in the gym and I can see it all coming back. He's moving good, his jab is a lot better. He's doing a lot of things I didn't see in the first fight: shifting, changing angles, bobbing and weaving, using various combinations. Ali didn't see the fighter that Leon really is. He will see that fighter this time."

As one watches Ali work, it becomes evident that he is planning to launch a dazzling assault from the opening second of the first round. He plans to main-

Fueling up on raw eggs and beer, Spinks steadily lost weight, but gained in upper body strength

tain the blitz until a) Spinks falls from the sustained punishment, or b) Ali crumbles from exhaustion. This time Ali, the man who gave Spinks the first six rounds the first time they met, intends to give away not even six seconds.

Still, as hard as he has trained, Ali has not ignored that most vital statistic: he is 36, and Spinks is 25. Ali is going to gamble everything on a knockout—say, in the ninth or 10th round—against a man who has only been knocked off his feet once in 193 fights, and not once as a professional.

"The last time, the way I fought, all we got to see was Spinks' offense," says Ali. "This time, we're going to see his defense, if he has any. All he is going to see this time is speed, and speed and more speed, and by the 15th round he isn't even going to see that, 'cause he won't be there."

If that is indeed the kind of war Ali has decided to wage, then Spinks will likely meet him in the center of the ring, nose to nose, and slug until one of them falls. That is Spinks' type of fight: forget finesse, forge straight ahead, find your man and hit him. It could turn out to be a fight more suited to an alley than a Superdome. While sparring against Diggs, a burly 220-pounder with a good stiff jab, Spinks has worked well on banging his way inside—and then sending crunching combinations to the head and body.

"Leon may be smaller," says Diggs, "but if Ali thinks he can outmuscle him, he's in big trouble. When I first sparred with Leon, I had just come from sparring with Earnie Shavers, and when I first saw Leon, he seemed so small to look at. But he really surprised me with his upper-body strength. He's every bit as strong as Shavers. Shavers couldn't wrestle me around, but Leon, he more than holds his own."

Solomon laughs when he hears that Ali is training for a bayonet assault, cold steel at close quarters. "Go look at the films of their first fight," he says. "Ali has been fighting the same way for the last four or five years, and it's too late for him to change his stuff now. As soon as he gets hit, he covers up, and when he covers up, Leon will be all over him, just like it happened in the first fight."

This time, Ali cannot afford to go into his infamous shell, to fall back on the ropes. It seems apparent that judges have become disgusted with the tactic. No matter what he does with the rest of the round—short of a knockout, that is—if Ali reverts to the rope-a-dope, it will cost him the round.

"There won't be any rope-a-dope this time," Ali insists. "No joking, no fooling around. I joked my way through training for the first fight, and I joked my way through the fight, talking to him, cutting the fool. Not this time. This time it's a serious business."

In the end, it all comes down to this: Can Ali, at 36, come up with one more *great* fight? If he can, it's no contest. Ali at 25 would have destroyed Spinks at 25. But that is not to belittle the new champion. At the age of 25, Ali probably could have destroyed any heavyweight who ever lived. That includes Rocky Marciano and Joe Louis and John L. Sullivan. When he was young and good, very good, Ali would have turned them all inside out.

Ali has within himself the gift to turn back the clock one more time. He did it for three full minutes in the 15th round against Shavers in September 1977, and if he has to, he'll do it for all the rounds he needs against Spinks. Win or lose, for Spinks there will be many, many more championship fights. For Ali, there is just this one. **END**

AN AURA IS NOT TO BE TAKEN, ER, LIGHTLY

Psychic signals are beaming in regularly to Albuquerque's Agonistes Ramu, the self-proclaimed seer who correctly predicted that three balloonists would waft safely across the Atlantic. While watching television one day last week, Ramu saw an aura around Muhammad Ali's head and got another hot flash. "Ali will definitely win back the title," says Ramu. "You can count on it. The spiritual forces don't like Leon Spinks and want him out of there." But the vision was even more precise than that: "Ali will have problems for the first four rounds. Then he will start to act in Round 5—and he'll win the fight by a knockout in the eighth round." Goodness sakes, that's some kind of fancy aura: can one bet it? "Maybe it'll be a TKO," hedges Ramu.

Other folks interested in the fight couldn't see the aura no matter how hard they squinted. But they had visions of their own.

WILLIE PEP, former world featherweight champion—"Ali will lick the guy. Spinks just doesn't have enough savvy."

BILL CAYTON, fight historian and filmmaker—"At his peak, Ali was greater and faster than anyone, but he's lost his skill and reflexes. He might be able to put it together for this fight, but I don't think so."

CARLOS PALOMINO, WBC world welterweight champion—"I have to go with Ali. I think he's working to get the title back and he'll do it in this one."

KEN NORTON, briefly the WBC world heavyweight champion, now No. 2-ranked contender—"Ali has to overpower you with jabs and combinations to win. More he works, better he'll be. I think Ali will win."

CARLOS MONZON, retired world middleweight champion—"Champions like Ali, unique in history, must seriously consider if it's so important to risk so much glory for money in so uncertain a business. I think Ali will win, if only to allow himself the pleasure of being champion once again."

CUS D'AMATO, veteran trainer and manager of Floyd Patterson, among others—"The fight will be a contest of will rather than skill, two billy goats battering one another. If Ali finds the drive—and he just might—he can beat Spinks."

JOE FRAZIER, former world heavyweight champion—"Spinks isn't capable of dealing Ali out. He doesn't have the experience. With the knowledge and ability Ali has, it's no problem."

JOHN TATE, No. 7-ranked heavyweight—"With Leon's youth, I think he has the edge. Ali is the better fighter, but Spinks has the stamina, and if he's hungry, well, that's it."

TWO SPEEDY TRIPS WITH NO EXCUSES

By the time the Hambletonian came around, driver Howard Beissinger was sick and tired of making alibis for his $2 million colt. So they set a record in one heat and, without breaking stride, hung on to win another **by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY**

Speedy Somolli, a colt that has had more excuses made for him than any animal since the Cowardly Lion, won the Hambletonian last Saturday in Du Quoin, Ill. He not only won two of three heats in textbook style on a perfect summer day but also trotted the first of them in a world-record 1.55.

It's not that Speedy had been all that unspeedy this year. Before the Hambo, he had won six of his 12 starts and earned more than $211,000, tops among 3-year-old trotters. The thing is, so very much was expected of him. Some horsemen were figuring Speedy to so dominate his class this year that he would come to Du Quoin with perhaps 12 wins in 15 starts and maybe earnings of $400,000 or so, and generally display a talent for trotting on water.

This unbridled enthusiasm began a year ago this month when Ann Beissinger of Hamilton, Ohio, half owner of Speedy, heard that people might be willing to pay huge amounts of money to buy the colt. Subsequently, when Speedy went 1:57⅗, a world record for 2-year-olds, $1 million was the talking figure. Ann's husband, veteran trainer and driver Howard Beissinger, was impressed, and the couple talked it over.

"Sounds pretty good," said Howard.

"Naw. I think I'll hold out for $2 million," said Ann.

"I'd be ashamed to ask anybody that much."

"I wouldn't."

Whereupon Alan Leavitt, owner of Lana Lobell Farms, offered $2 million, most ever for any 2-year-old of any breed. Ann's partner in Speedy, Kim Mumma of Harrisburg, Pa., was reluctant to sell the first racehorse she had owned but succumbed to Ann's logic. "Look, we can each be a million-dollar baby," she said. As the deal evolved, Howard Beissinger and Bob Mumma each wanted 10% of Speedy, which they purchased from the women. Leavitt, who didn't care how much he owned as long as he had controlling interest, took 51%. The remaining 29% was purchased by Bill Rosenberg, chairman of the board of Dunkin Donuts, Inc., who when offered the chance to buy part of Speedy could hardly wait to spend the required $585,000. Rosenberg has been involved in many horse deals (he owns $400,000 worth of Green Speed, who last year set the world record Speedy eclipsed) and recalls the time that Delvin Miller failed to win with a favored Rosenberg horse. A gloomy Miller telephoned, but Rosenberg abruptly dismissed the apologies, saying, "No problem, Delvin. We'll just make the holes in the donuts bigger."

So the sheer amount of money involved focused attention on Speedy's 3-year-old campaign. But in view of the colt's success Saturday, he likely was a bargain at $2 million because the win has upped his stud value enormously. That's next year. This year, he's not done racing. With victories in the Yonkers Trot and the Hambletonian, he now points for the Oct. 6 Kentucky Futurity at Lexington's Red Mile, where a victory would make him the first horse to win trotting's Triple Crown since Super Bowl in 1972.

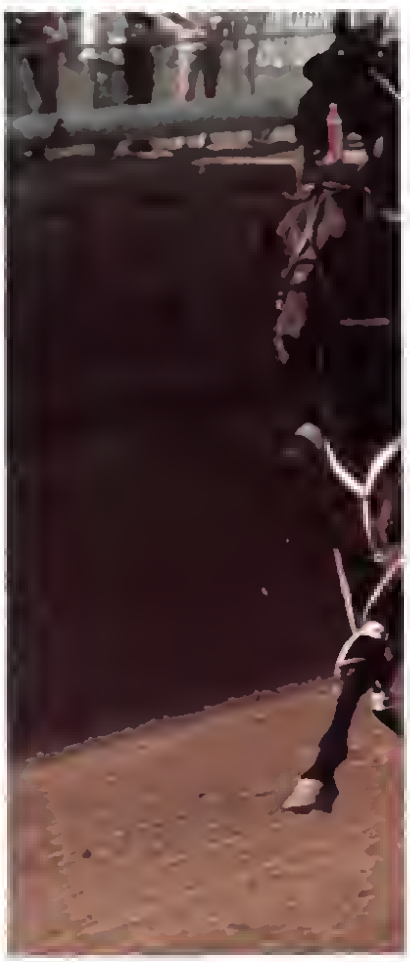
Do the Beissingers or Mummas then regret selling most of Speedy? "Not at all," says Kim Mumma. "After all, when you're talking about any more than $2 million for a horse, isn't that simply greed?" Besides, this isn't the first Hambo winner Beissinger has sold. He had Speedy Crown, Speedy Somolli's sire, judged him "average" and sold him for $20,000. He continued to train him, however, and Speedy Crown went on to win the Hambletonian in 1971. A third Beissinger-trained colt, Lindy's Pride, triumphed in 1969.

But Speedy's price bugged a lot of eyes because of the colt's well-documented history of breaking stride. Last year he had six breaks in 16 starts. This year he has had four. Beissinger kept saying, "He's just too anxious to win."

He broke in a qualifying race in May, but Beissinger says the start was poor and it wasn't Speedy's fault; he broke at the Meadowlands, but Beissinger says he tried to get him in gear too fast and it wasn't Speedy's fault; he broke at Roosevelt, but Beissinger says the track was poor in the turns and it wasn't Speedy's fault; he broke at the Meadows last month, but Beissinger says the starting gate dipped back a bit and it wasn't Speedy's fault. By Hambo time, however, even Beissinger was about fed up. "Frankly, I'm getting tired of making excuses," he said.

All this gave rise to backstretch gossip that as fast as Somolli was, his competitive heart was small. Other horses

PHOTOGRAPH BY BARTON SILVERMAN



were going quicker this year, including his chief rivals, Brisco Hanover and Florida Pro, both of whom had trips in 1:56 compared with Speedy's best of 1:57⅘. In five meetings with Florida Pro, Speedy lost four times; when Speedy set his world record at age two, Brisco came back the same afternoon and bettered it.

Against this backdrop of skepticism, Speedy and Beissinger went to work at Du Quoin. "I want him to win to eliminate all these doubts about him," said Ann Beissinger. Bob Mumma says that when he was taking a shower the morning of the race, the soap broke and he told his wife, "I hope that's the only break I'm connected with today." But a more substantive omen was Speedy's drawing the No. 1 post position in the field of eight. Critics immediately said that considering the trouble the colt often has at the gate, the inside wouldn't help him. But it did. For Speedy, the 4-to-5 betting choice, wired the first heat in world-record time. Nonetheless, past blunders were clearly on Beissinger's mind when he said after the heat, "He didn't feel like he wanted to make a mistake today."

Like most everything for Speedy, it wasn't easy. He was challenged most of the way after a leisurely 30-second first quarter. And coming home, Brisco had plenty of trot, except that driver Jim Miller, who was to have a frustrating day, was boxed in. For a moment, though, he thought he had enough daylight to squeeze between Beissinger on the rail and Florida Pro, driven by George Sholty, on the outside. Brisco got through but the sulky didn't, failing to clear Beissinger's bike by about an inch and a half. Miller then veered out into Sholty. The judges immediately moved Florida Pro, who had finished third, up to second and Brisco down to third. Miller didn't complain. "If I had made it," he said, "I would have been a hero."

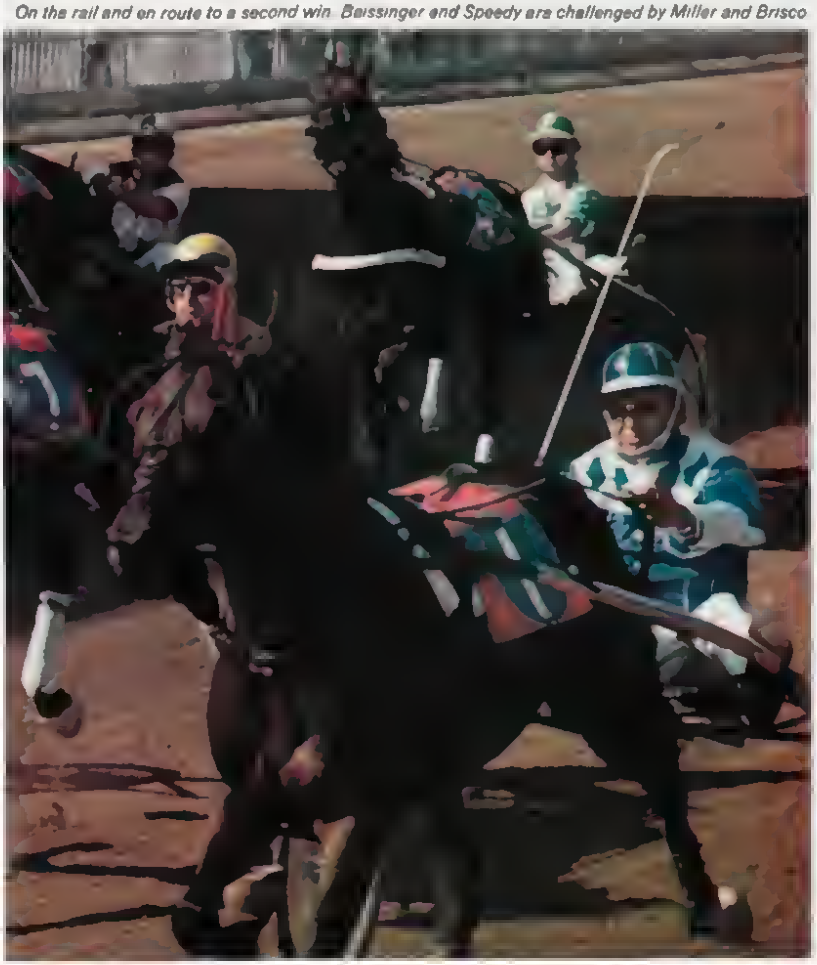
After resting the colts 78 minutes, everyone went back to try again in the second heat. At the Hambo, the first horse to win two heats wins the event, a scheme that can require as many as four races, the last being a race-off if no horse wins two heats. Effective in 1981, there will be a maximum of three heats, with a different format prevailing. In the second heat, several in the field who didn't figure to win or even come close—including 99-to-1 Brilliant Yankee driven by Ben Webster—went out fast. Speedy got the lead at the three-quarter mark, but in the stretch Florida Pro was too tough and won in a photo, equaling Speedy's new world record of 1:55. Once again, Brisco Hanover was pushing hard, and Miller conceded he might have pulled out from behind Florida Pro a trifle early. Chortled Sholty, "Florida Pro has always had a pretty good attitude about going forward."

As time for the third heat approached, the feeling around the paddock was that Speedy Somolli was through. The same feeling swept the betting windows, where fans made Florida Pro first choice, Brisco second and Speedy third. Once again, Brilliant Yankee was an early leader, mixing it up with and confusing the big boys. But by the stretch, everything was sorted out and there was Brisco alongside Speedy on the lead. Beissinger says Jim Miller never got Brisco past him; Miller says he did. The patrol film supported Beissinger. Regardless, they were at each other's throats. Then, 20 feet from the finish—just as it appeared that a dead-tired but dead-game Brisco might come on to win—he broke stride. "You would have expected that Speedy would have been the one to do something like that," said one horseman. For his three miles of hot work on a dusty road, Speedy earned $120,640. Florida Pro was second, Brisco third.

For Beissinger it was an exhilarating day. "I kept telling myself," he said, "that I shouldn't feel any pressure. But I did." That figures. For money is getting big and Leavitt is one of the key men in horse inflation because of his willingness to pay big bucks in sales and syndications. Big results are thus expected.

The result of the Hambo was a big one for Speedy Somolli and he earned every dollar of it. But for Howard Beissinger, the win meant that for once, as he relaxed with well-wishers and a few friends in his mobile home, parked less than 100 yards from Speedy's stall, he didn't have to make any excuses. END

On the rail and en route to a second win, Beissinger and Speedy are challenged by Miller and Brisco



Parker who boasts that he 'talks trash and comes out swinging is leading the league in hitting

NOW THEY'RE BURYING THE OPPOSITION

A month ago the Piretes were six feet under Then two hefty hitters and a scrawny relief pitcher brought about a miraculous resurrection **by LARRY KEITH**

Major league baseball, like medical science, lacks an exact definition of death When is a team really dead, its hope lost, its chances gone? Consider, if you will, the case of the Pittsburgh Pirates Oh, yes, they are very much alive today. They are showing an overly rapid heartbeat perhaps, but that is not unusual for a team in the thick of a pennant race in September. However, less than a month ago Pittsburgh had no discernible pulse A mirror held in front of its mouth showed no vapor. Everyone but those nitpickers who claim a team hasn't kicked the bucket until it is mathematically eliminated agreed the Pirates were dead.

On Aug 12 Pittsburgh was 10 games under .500 and 11½ games behind Philadelphia. It had lost 17 of 21 games, the last three to the Phillies by scores of 3–1 (gasp), 15–4 (choke) and 10–1 (expire) It was all over. The Philadelphia newspapers said it, the Pittsburgh papers said it, and a lot of people on both sides of the field believed it. "I thought we were out of it, and I think everyone else felt the same way," says Pirate Ed Ott

Well, not quite everyone. Pittsburgh's ever-optimistic manager, Chuck Tanner, didn't. "Sometimes the end can be the beginning," he said While everyone tried to figure out what that meant, the Pirates beat the Phillies the next day 7–3 Then Pittsburgh returned home and beat Cincinnati 7–4. *Mirabile dictu*, maybe the Pirates were not finished after all. Sure enough, the Bucs arose from their deathbed to go on an incredible streak that, through the end of last week, had produced 19 victories in 22 games and carried them into second place, just two games back of Philadelphia They would have been even closer if a game last week in which they were leading Cincinnati 8–3 had not been rained out in the fourth inning Tanner has been vindicated, and baseball science is baffled.

"We weren't ready to die," Willie Stargell says. "We were like a miner trapped in a deep shaft Everyone thought we were dead. But we saw a speck of light, and you know what a man is going to do in a situation like that. He is going to fight to get out That's what we did It's been a great show of character."

Even more stunning than the Pirates'

recovery is that they got so far behind in the first place. During the nine seasons of divisional play, Pittsburgh has won five titles and never finished worse than third. Throughout the 1970s no team has been more often a winner or a close contender. Though the Pirates finished second the last two seasons, they won 92 and 96 games, respectively. But they got off to a miserable start this year, losing seven of their first 10 games, and even while the Phillies played with such little flair that they would have been easy targets for recent Pittsburgh clubs, the Bucs seemed incapable of righting themselves. Until last week, they had never been more than three games over .500. Nor had they been as high as second in the standings since April 27. According to rookie Pitcher Don Robinson, the reason was elementary: "We wasn't hitting much, and when we was, we wasn't pitching."

Lately, the Pirates have been doing both in abundance. The pitching has probably been the most impressive facet of Pittsburgh's play, thanks mainly to Robinson, newcomer Bert Blyleven and newly situated Kent Tekulve. Robinson, a righthander, has won six straight games to give him an 11–5 record, and Blyleven has won nine of his last 12, making him 12–8. Both of them have prospered by expanding their pitching repertoires, which had consisted mostly of fastballs and curves. Robinson has improved his slider, and Blyleven has added a changeup. "I never had the confidence to throw one before," Blyleven says, "but now that I have it, I can keep the hitters off balance and be stronger at the end of the game."

Blyleven came to Pittsburgh from Texas in an 11-player deal that also involved the Braves and the Mets. The 21-year-old Robinson had to earn his way onto the team in the spring—and he did it despite the opinion of Pete Peterson, the vice-president of player personnel, that he needed at least one year of Triple A experience. Virtually all of Robinson's previous pro experience had been in the Gulf Coast, Western Carolinas and Texas leagues.

The team's other starting pitchers have not fared as well. There is not a winning record or a low ERA among them. Particularly disheartening for Pittsburgh have been the performances of Jim Rooker (8–9, 4.50) and John Candelaria (10–11, 3.39). Only recently has Candelaria begun to exhibit the form of last season, when he had a magnificent 20–5 record. Still, Tanner predicts that "He'll be our key" down the stretch. Another pitcher who could help is Bruce Kison, a spot starter against the Braves on Friday. He pitched 7⅓ innings of two-hit ball to combine with Tekulve for a shutout.

Tekulve, who has been with the Pirates since 1975, wears thick tinted glasses, has a protruding Adam's apple that bobs up and down his skinny neck, and at 6′ 4″, 157 pounds, is more than vaguely reminiscent of Ichabod Crane.

But old Ichabod couldn't hum it like Tekulve. He leads the league with 77 appearances (a Pirate record), and his sinking semisubmarine pitches have brought him six wins, 28 saves and a 1.74 ERA. Last Friday night, against Atlanta, he saved both games of a doubleheader, the second time he has done that this year, and he pitched two shutout innings of a 12-inning 4–3 victory on Saturday.

continued

Stargell, a self-described mighty oak, swung the lumber for the 2,000th hit of his career last week

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN D. HANLON

A familiar scene in Pittsburgh has been Manager Tanner congratulating Tekulve, the Ichebod Crane of relief pitchers, after one of his 28 saves

A year ago, when Rich Gossage was the Pirates' late-inning specialist, Tekulve worked mostly the middle innings and had a 10–1 record. "I knew I could take Gossage's place, but I wondered who would take mine," he says. That duty has been shared by Grant Jackson and rookie Eddie Whitson. They have done such a good job—10 wins and eight saves between them—that Tekulve does not even bother going to the bullpen until the sixth inning.

Pittsburgh's offensive strategy is easy to figure. The first two batters, Frank Taveras and Omar Moreno, try to run opponents to death, and the next two, Dave Parker and Stargell, try to pound them to death. Taveras has 35 steals and an improved batting stroke, and Moreno has a league-leading 59 swipes and a team-high 63 walks. Thirty-two of their steals have led to runs.

While Taveras and Moreno crackle like lightning, Parker and Stargell rumble like thunder. Parker leads the team in homers with 23 and RBIs with 91, and last week he took a big step toward successfully defending his batting title—he hit .338 in 1977—by gaining the league lead at .317. Stargell's statistics are 22–72–.292, his best figures since 1975. Together Parker and Stargell wrecked the Braves. Stargell had two doubles and a home run in Friday's 8–3 first-game victory, and Parker had two hits in each game. On Saturday Stargell walloped a mammoth three-run homer in the first inning, and Parker won the game with a bases-loaded single in the 12th, his third hit of the afternoon.

They were not out there alone, of course. Rookie Dale Berra, Yogi's son, the third baseman, had a two-run homer in Friday's 3–0 second-game victory, and he saved a run—and the game—by stab-

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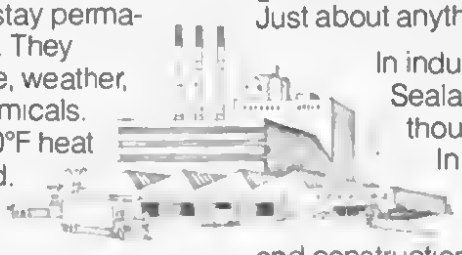

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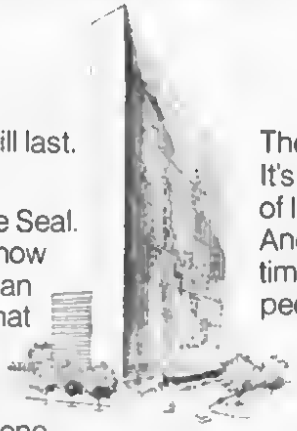

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bing a line drive in the eighth inning on Saturday. He had a three-run homer in the ninth Sunday to clinch a 6–3 win.

Stargell, 37, has been slowed by infirmities the last two seasons, and with something called a "sprained fracture" in his right ankle, he says he is now playing at only 70% of capacity. Always quick with a metaphor, he explains his ability to hold on for 17 seasons by comparing himself to a giant oak tree: "Strong roots, a sturdy trunk and branches going out in all directions. When a big storm comes, I bend but don't break, and then I bloom again next year."

Stargell is nowhere near ready for the woodpile. He got his 2,000th hit last week, and he was able to joke about another plateau he reached earlier this season. He became baseball's alltime strikeout leader when he surpassed Mickey Mantle's total of 1,710. That made him, Stargell notes, "King of the U-turns."

Parker, 27, has been hurt, too. He missed the first two weeks of July with a fractured cheekbone following a shattering home-plate collision with Met Catcher John Stearns. When he returned on July 16 his batting average plunged from .316 to .288, but since Aug. 7 he has hit .409.

There is probably no other player in baseball with as much confidence as Parker—or with so much ability to back it up. Not only can he hit, but despite being 6' 5" and 235 pounds, he is also one of the fastest of the fleet Pirates. In addition, he has one of the half dozen best arms among big league outfielders. While strutting and crowing around the clubhouse last Saturday, he declared loudly, "Every team needs a foundation, and I'm it. Just look at me," he continued, expanding his massive chest and flexing his arm muscles, which bulge even in repose. "They ought to pay me just to walk around here."

Parker believes he is vastly underpaid, and by current standards he is. General managers concur that he is the best player in the National League, and Tanner says he is "the best in the world." So sorry, Sadaharu. Too bad, Jim Rice. Although his current contract—estimated at $200,000 a year—does not expire until the end of next year, he would like an extension that would make him the highest-paid player in baseball. If he has to be traded to achieve that ambition, he would not mind moving over to Philadelphia. "Just think of that outfield," he rhapsodizes, envisioning himself alongside Greg Luzinski and Garry Maddox. "A pig in left, a greyhound in center and Adonis in right."

It would be easy to discount all this as the raving of an egomaniac, except for the fact that spouting this kind of verbiage is the way Parker prepares himself for each game. "I'm a verbalizer," he says. "Some guys have to meditate to get ready, but I talk trash and come out swinging."

That nobody in the league swings better is what made the climax to Saturday's game so unusual. With one out and a runner at third, Braves Manager Bobby Cox intentionally walked Taveras and Moreno to fill the bases, accepted strategy with the home team at bat in a tied, extra-inning game. Cox would have done well to throw away the book, because the walks brought up Parker. Adonis lined the second pitch into right center to end the game. "I don't know why he did it," Parker said, "but when the season ends, I'm going to look back and say 'Thank you.' "

Parker knows full well the critical importance of every game at this time of year. The Pirates have gone on similar hot streaks before and come up short. Last year they won 12 of their last 13 and still finished five back. In 1976 they won 18 of 22 from Aug. 25 to Sept. 17, cutting a 15½-game lead to three, and wound up nine games behind.

As impressive as the Bues' latest streak is, 14 of the victories came in games with the two bottom teams in the Western Division. Against teams with winning records the Pirates are 30–41, including 3–9 against the Phillies and 6–6 against the division's other contender, third-place Chicago. Still, as Second Baseman Phil Garner points out, "You've gotta get those clubs on the bottom and kick 'em good. You can't let 'em up."

It is not going to be so easy for the Pirates the rest of the way, because they have six more games each with the Cubs and the Phillies. But if the Bucs can hang close until the last week at least they will have the opportunity to win or lose it for themselves; they finish the season at home with three games against Chicago and four against Philly.

"It's war at this time of the year, but I love it," says Tanner. "I like our chances. The way things have gone lately I'm beginning to think we're a team of destiny." He could be dead right. END

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COLLEGE FOOTBALL '78

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MICHAEL RAMUS

HALF WOULD MAKE IT WHOLE

Musing on the state of the game, the Coach proposes a simple solution to its split personality: return to one platoon **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**

The Coach had been making commencement addresses, delivering a speech he called "The Decline of Creative Profanity in American Life." He said it not only presented a challenge to youthful minds but also had proved to be highly portable; he could adjust it readily to the sophistication of his audiences and the size of his fees. "A *tour de force*, Scribe," he said, not getting up but motioning me into the booth with the tip of his unlit Don Diego Monarch. "Every stop I make, the etymologists cluster to thank me. High school and college coaches rush to pump my hand."

"Are they for or against the decline?" I said, squinting to adjust to the light.

The oasis the Coach favors when passing through Manhattan (a restaurant-lounge off Lexington in the mid-50s) affords him a certain anonymity, being as dark as a mine shaft. I had found him by trusting to instinct and the knowledge that he prefers corner tables where the vantage point is good but privacy is still possible.

"The curse word," he said, sliding a drink in my direction, "is a tool of communication, only when it is, one, shocking, and two, incongruous. But nowadays a kid can bear all the sbockwords at the neighborhood theater, or on ladies' day at the club. The expressions we used like jackhammers on the practice field now flow like maple syrup from the mouths of the mothers in the C League."

I noticed that the waitress, a facsimile redhead with friendly buck teeth, was hovering nearby, staring at the Coach's familiar face. Tanned and more handsomely creased than ever, it had become prominent again since his agreement to shill for a line of small appliances on television.

He watched carefully as I took the first sip of the drink and smiled when I made a face.

"A split of Perrier water with a twist," he said. "Low in calories and a non-carcinogen. I commend it as the all-purpose drink." He slapped his own flat stomach.

"You said on the phone you had reached a startling conclusion about the state of college football," I said, sucking in. "Well, I certainly agree. If there's one thing college football needs today, it's more inspirational cussing, and I for one. . . ."

"Don't be impertinent, Scribe," he said. "You have been a loyal if sluggish conduit, but I am on a tight schedule. What I am about to tell you may require more than the usual spelling-out, and I want to get on with it." The Coach took a long draft from his glass and counted the house with his steel-blue eyes.

"I was beginning to feel reassured about the upcoming season," he said. "Division I-A looks top-heavy now, but by this time next fall some of the little dreamer schools who opted to stay in I-A will realize that what Big Football achieved was a voting bloc that will shape the game's future—and its budget—for years to come. No doubt when the dreamers discover this reality they will be allowed an orderly exit from the crowd in I-A (139 members) to the freer air of I-AA (38), where the living will be easier.

"But while considering these things one night in Sheboygan, I suddenly found the gears shifting and my mind racing over the teams I had seen last spring. I began to realize that the best in the nation this year will again read like a Social Register: Alabama, USC, Penn State, Arkansas, Texas, Nebraska, Michigan, Ohio State, UCLA, Oklahoma. And it hit me like a blindside block."

He looked squarely into my eyes. "The time has come," he said, "for the colleges to go back to real football. To the one-platoon."

A cacophony of rattling sounds made me realize I had jarred the table with my knees. "The one-platoon?" I said.

The Coach sighed ponderously. "Making a minor league prophet out of you is a tedious business," he said, glancing

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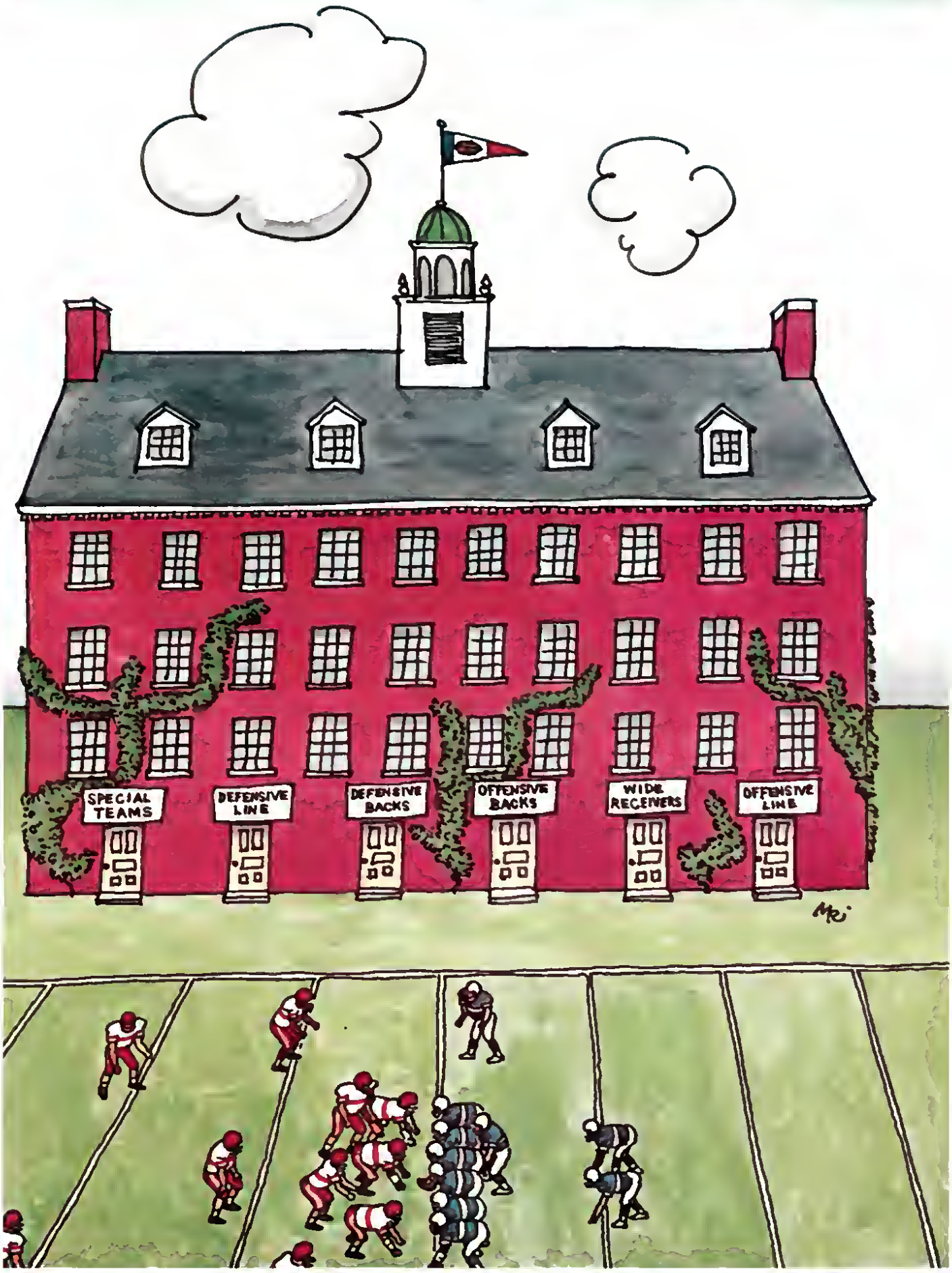

SPECIAL TEAMS
DEFENSIVE LINE
DEFENSIVE BACKS
OFFENSIVE BACKS
WIDE RECEIVERS
OFFENSIVE LINE

at his watch. "All right. A-B-C. What has prompted almost every major change college football has had to make in the last five years? What is the reason for the scholarship limit of 95, the freshman eligibility rules, the visit rules, the new redshirt rules, the sub-division of Division I?"

"Economics," I said. "So you're going to tell me one-platoon football is half as expensive as unlimited substitution because it requires only half the players and half the coaches. That Fritz Crisler took only 45 players to the 1948 Rose Bowl. That the great Blanchard-Davis teams at Army used about 35 men on the road, and that Earl Blaik had only three full-time assistants."

The Coach was calm in the eye of my storm.

"You're right, that's part of it," he said. "Unlimited substitution has come to mean unlimited expense. Coaches aren't satisfied with the 95-player limit. They want 105, or 125, and the extra dozen hotel rooms, airplane seats and wild-hair expenses that implies, not to mention a couple more coaches. I am consistently amazed at the willingness of hard-pressed college business managers to subsidize such skylarking."

"That's the price you pay for quality," I said. "Football is more sophisticated than when Blaik coached. And unlimited substitution gives more players a chance to play."

His reply took me aback; obviously he had come prepared.

"'More sophisticated.' 'More players.' In the marketplace of American hokum, that one certainly attracts the rubes. The modern football player is, indeed, a highly efficient, beautifully packaged playing machine, but he does not play 'Football.' He plays 'Defensive Tackle,' or 'Offensive Guard,' or 'Outside Linebacker on Obvious Passing Downs.'"

The Coach caught the waitress' eye and waggled his forefinger over our glasses. Mine was virtually untouched, but I did not protest.

"Ain't football?" I said. "Ain't football?"

"You're repeating yourself. A defensive end plays defensive end, period. He learns the basic moves, repeats them over and over, *ad infinitum*, *ad nauseam*. He studies volumes of playbooks analyzing every inch of his broom-closet environment, and watches films until he's almost blind. That's all he knows.

"Administrators like to talk about the 'educational experience' of football. What a joke it is when the 'learning experience' is two steps across the line, pivot, watch the pitch, play the block, over and over again. No other sport constricts its athletes in such a manner."

I gulped some Perrier and said, "But the players like it this way. The NCAA took a poll, and the players preferred two-platoon 2 to 1."

"They don't know any better," said the Coach. "They've been brainwashed since they were eight years old, playing in those infernal little leagues, which, incidentally, should be limited by federal law to six-man teams, with everybody getting a chance to do the fun things—run the ball, pass it, catch it, kick it—before time and the vicissitudes of physical development channel them into a position. But no, they slap a piece of tape on a kid's helmet—'O.G.,' offensive guard—and the poor little sucker is branded for life. How'd you like to play football for 15 years and never touch the ball?"

"O.K., but isn't increased participation something to strive for?"

The Coach intercepted a bowl of popcorn the waitress had delivered and pushed it just out of my reach.

"I get that all the time from coaches, as if football were played just to keep potential delinquents off the street. Sure, more bodies tighten up the assembly line, allow for greater specialization. Bodies is the name of the game. NCAA figures show that football was played last year at 475 member institutions—with 41,500 participants. Compare that with baseball, which was played at 638 schools—but by only 19,000 athletes.

"Baseball is a game of nine to a side, of course, football 11. That's only a two-man difference. Baseball coaches must be doing something wrong. Maybe they should add three or four more fielders. There's plenty of room."

"You're being facetious," I said, and took another drag on the drink. It seemed to be going down easier.

"Not entirely. Who pushes the idea that more is better? Coaches. Coaches coaching two-platoon. Ask anybody who has done it both ways and they'll tell you—it's easier. You simply hire more assistants, delegate more authority and elevate yourself to chairman of the board. I'd hate to tell you how many times I've been on a practice field and heard a head coach yell down from his tower, 'Who made that tackle? Was that you, Smith?' 'No sir, Coach, I'm Brown.'

"But do coaches say 'Enough'? No. They say, 'Let's specialize some more.' When they finally eliminated all substitution restrictions in 1973, they had to go right back in '74 and write another rule because one coach had a guy who did nothing but run onto the field, give the quarterback the play and run off. The ultimate specialist."

He held up a restraining hand as I started to speak.

"And what has all this supersophistication done for the game? Well, the pros are the supreme specialists. They have two round pegs for every round hole. And they're so damn efficient they can't score any points; they had to rush through some relief rules for their starving pass receivers this year."

I drained my glass. "I suppose that's true," I said, nodding.

"Keep your line in the water, Scribe," said the Coach. "The best is yet to come. Consider this. As football is now played, the actual time the ball is moving and athletes are running into each other is 14 minutes a game. When coaches tell their players to 'go all out,' they don't mean for 60 minutes, they mean a 14-minute game. That's an average of seven minutes for an offensive player, seven for a defensive player, and less when you interject the goal-line teams, the third-down teams, etc.

"Now, here is the irony. Football practice is hard work. Today's players practice eight, nine months a year, including 'off-season' training. You almost never read about three-sport lettermen anymore. They're busy devoting all their time to supersophisticated football, day after day, week after week. And for what? At best, for seven minutes on Saturday afternoon.

"All right. You couple that injustice with the morale problems inherent in unlimited substitution . . ."

"Uh? Wait a minute," I said. "What morale problems?"

"Intramural rivalries. They've been known to separate entire coaching staffs, wives included. Offensive coaches griping about the lunkheads running the defense. Behind their backs, of course. Defensive players complaining about the inability of the offense to get out of its own shadow. Why? Because neither group has to answer for its mistakes. A guy fumbles on his five-yard line, he doesn't dig in to protect the goal, he trots off the field and says, 'You take it.' In real football, camaraderie is built in. Unity is a must. In real football, every position is a 'skilled position.' "

"I see what you mean," I said.

"No you don't. You've been brainwashed like everybody else. But here's the clincher, the argument that would fly in any budget meeting I've ever attended if they could keep coaches off the runway. I've been saving it for you."

He held a match to the cigar until the glow covered the end, and let the smoke from his first puff mingle with his words.

"Two-platoon football kills competitive balance. It is strictly a rich-get-richer proposition, and always has been. Unlimited substitution began as a spot on the X ray, three little words that appeared in the 1941 rules, to compensate for World War II manpower shortages. A player leaving the game did not have to wait till the next period but could return '*at any time.*' Nobody did much about it for a couple of years, then Mr. Crisler platooned his Michigan team against Army and almost pulled a big upset. Pretty soon everybody was doing it, and it got worse and worse until, in 1953, Fritz and a posse of traditionalists voted those three words out again.

"And a funny thing happened in the next 10 years, teams like Oregon State, Duke, Rice, Miami, TCU and even Utah State made the Top Ten. Auburn won a national championship, and so did LSU and Syracuse. Consecutively. Even the service academies were ranked.

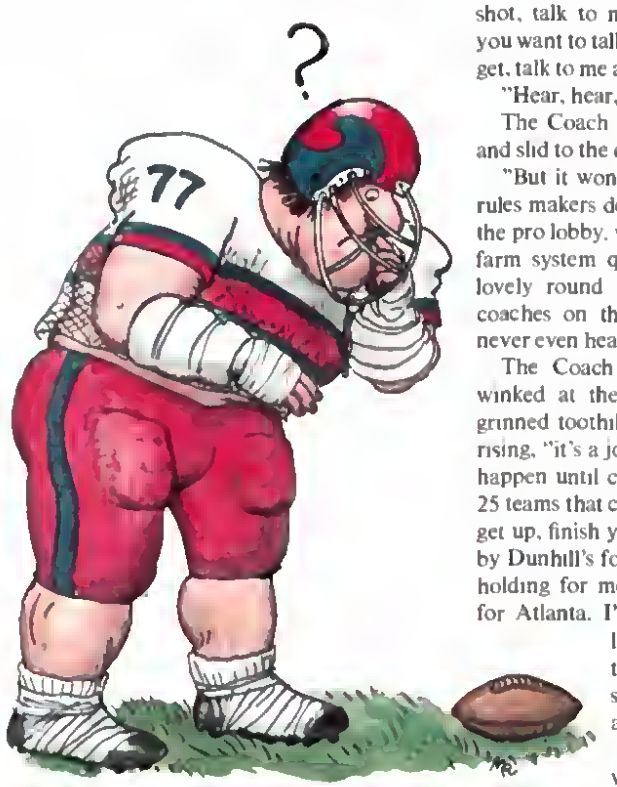
"Well, you have to be dumb as a slug not to realize what had happened. With two-platoon you need 20 or 25 top players to turn a program around. In real football, with the accent on athletes, you can do it with half that. But second-echelon schools are not going to get 20 or 25. They're lucky to get sweepings after the big-budget guys breeze through, because the more you specialize, the more thoroughly you have to recruit.

"And, of course, the more you specialize the less likely you will be willing to try things, to be inventive. Coaches were so wrapped up in their Byzantine recruiting practices, and watching movies all night, and wiping the noses of 100 players, that they didn't have time to think up sleeper plays and hurry-up huddles and all the things that make football exciting, even at practice."

"Yes, I get it," I said, and waggled my finger over the glasses for the waitress, although the Coach's was only half empty. "One small point. What about protecting the more vulnerable athletes? You can't do that in one-platoon."

"You mean quarterbacks."

"Well, yeah. That's what got them chipping away at one-platoon football in the '50s, coaches trying to protect skinny-legged quarterbacks."



Rarely, and inadvertently, a tackle may see a ball

"That's right, Scribe, but times have changed. You can always write in escape clauses to get a player or two in and out of the game, but quarterbacks are not the splinter group they used to be. The colleges have gone to veers and wishbones and other triple options. Quarterbacks are back to being what the old tailbacks used to be—runners *and* passers. Rick Leach could probably play both ways at Michigan, Thomas Lott the same at Oklahoma. Some of the great college quarterbacks of all time played both ways—Johnny Lujack, Arnold Tucker, Sid Luckman, Benny Friedman. Paul Hornung was a running back in the pros. So was Tom Matte.

"The time has come to restore the whole game to the kids who play it. Give 'em a chance to strike back. Let them have the thrill of scoring as well as stopping the other guy. If you want to talk about 'educational experience,' talk to me about real football. If you want to promote equality of competition, and give the Northwesterns and Vanderbilts a shot, talk to me about real football. If you want to talk about balancing the budget, talk to me about real football."

"Hear, hear," I cried, raising my glass.

The Coach tossed a bill on the table and slid to the end of the booth.

"But it won't happen," he said. "The rules makers don't have the guts to buck the pro lobby, which would scream if the farm system quit turning out all those lovely round pegs. Besides that, most coaches on the committee today have never even heard of real football."

The Coach put on his glasses and winked at the hovering waitress, who grinned toothily. "No, Scribe," he said, rising, "it's a joust at windmills. It won't happen until college football is down to 25 teams that can still afford it. No, don't get up, finish your drink. I've got to stop by Dunhill's for a humidor they've been holding for me, then on to the airport for Atlanta. I'm addressing a group of law enforcement people tomorrow, together with some sociologists and tenant-landlords."

"Give 'em heck," I said, watching the Coach move smartly through the door.

CONTINUED

Here he is, folks. College football's king of the one-liners Laugh-a-minute Lou Holtz, backed by his romping, stomping Rezorbacks Believe us, they deserve top billing this year

by DOUGLAS S. LOONEY

LOU, YOU'RE A LULU

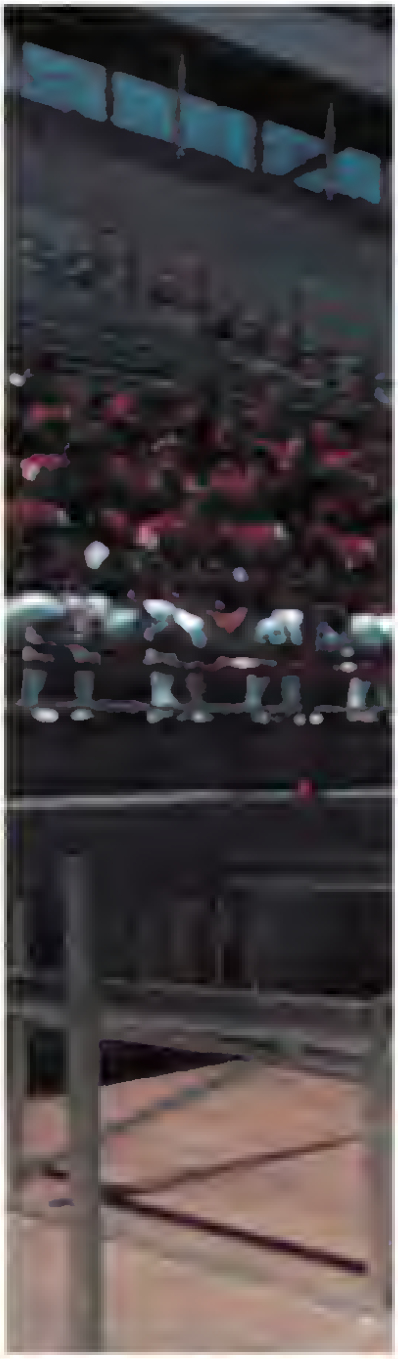
Arkansas Football Coach Lou Holtz was driving through the streets of Fayetteville recently at *his* speed limit, which is to say approximately twice as fast as the signs say the local police consider *their* speed limit. Suddenly, Holtz made a left turn into the teeth of oncoming traffic. Asked by his passenger if he felt that what he had done had been prudent, Holtz sniffed. "Goldurn it, I don't judge when I should turn by the traffic," he said, "I judge by my watch—and we're late." While this outlook sometimes disconcerts those who conduct themselves in a more conventional manner, it is classic Lou Holtz.

Holtz, 41, is, for sure, his own man. He describes himself as "a guy 5' 10", 152 pounds, who wears glasses, talks with a lisp and has a physique that looks like I've had beriberi and scurvy." He's a wonderfully erratic whirlwind, spouting one-liners one minute, exploding with rage the next. "I don't want anybody to ever do a story of my life and call it *Ruts*," he says. Holtz starts every day hopelessly overscheduled, then adds to it. "I work from dawn to exhaustion," he says. "If there's not a crisis, I'll create one." All of which makes him consistently late.

When Holtz gets into a car or an airplane, he inevitably asks how long it will take to get to wherever it is he's going, then asks why the time can't be cut in half. He points out that a delay is sure to mean the loss of a tackle prospect to Texas, or that the booster-club membership will be working on Tums by the time he sits down as guest of honor. Holtz invariably twists his watch to the side of his wrist, having concluded that in this awkward position he can see it more quickly, without having to turn his arm. He recalls with dismay the first time he took Frontier Airlines Flight 670 out of Fayetteville. "I didn't know that was how many times we stopped before I got where I was going," Holtz says. Once, when he was behind schedule in Richmond after a night flight from Colorado Springs, he demanded of a startled driver, "Gawdawg it, why are you stopped at this red light?"

Holtz takes Excedrin for his head, Captain Black for his pipe and 25 cups of Lipton per day for his throat. If you talked as much and as fast as Lou Holtz, your throat would need constant lubrication, too. And while Holtz would be talking like a tape recorder set at fast forward even if he didn't have anything to say, this year he does, because many experts believe that the Razorbacks have an excellent chance of winning their first-ever undisputed national championship. And what does Holtz expect from Arkansas? "I expect to be paid."

Last year, Holtz' first at Arkansas, the best anyone expected was a break-even season. Except Holtz, who figured on a national championship. Consequently, he directed the Hogs to an 11–1 record and the No. 3 ranking. The highlight of the season was a 31–6 upset of Oklahoma in the Orange Bowl. This result was particularly shocking because three offensive players, who among them had scored 23 of Arkansas' 39 touchdowns, were left off the traveling squad, a fourth (All-America Guard Leotis Harris) was hurt in practice before the game and did not play, and a fifth (Free Safety Howard Sampson)



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BILL EPPRIDGE

went out early in the game. The victory was a demonstration of one of Holtz' maxims: "Don't tell me how rocky the sea is. Just bring the goldurned ship in."

Annihilating the Sooners was especially gratifying for a man who had been a conspicuous failure 12 months earlier. In his first and only season as head coach of the New York Jets, Holtz had a 3–11 record, and was so mortified he just up and quit. He hates to even talk about his stint in the pros. "The few talents God gave me are better suited for college," Holtz says. "I didn't have the background for that job and I didn't find that I enjoyed it."

Holtz knew he was in trouble from his first day with the Jets when he wanted to phone his quarterback, Joe Namath, and was told he'd have to clear the call through Namath's agent. He was briefly heartened when Linebacker Greg Buttle told him, "I want to play so badly I'll play for free." "That's commendable, son," said Holtz. Said Buttle, "But if you want me to practice. . . ." When none of the Jets would sing the team song that Holtz had written, the New York media portrayed him as some kind of rube cheerleader. Still, Holtz is quick to say, "The people in New York were great to me. The only thing wrong with that whole situation was me."

Immediately after Holtz quit the Jets, Frank Broyles, Arkansas' athletic director and football coach, called him. Holtz could not have been more receptive. Says Broyles, who stepped down as coach after 19 years in favor of Holtz, "Pro ball was so strange to Lou that he even missed the alums." Holtz hates cold weather; before accepting the Arkansas job he was

continued

told by Broyles that on many occasions in January he wouldn't need a coat in Fayetteville. "He was right," says Holtz. "I needed a parka."

Once in Arkansas, Holtz found that everybody was for him, that everybody wanted to help him. Before his first game, a minister giving the invocation offered gratitude for "our new coach, new players and new plays." Whereupon, Holtz backed him up by calling a pass on Arkansas' first play from scrimmage to show that wide-open football was the new order of the day. "We threw it clear down to the eight-yard line," Holtz recalls. "It was exciting. I would have preferred, of course, that we had caught it."

This year, the prayers are even more grateful. At a Little Rock banquet, Father George W. Tribou explained to the Lord, "Lou now wears the mantle of divinity in Arkansas and gets more hosannas than You do. I know You will give him another good season as a reward for cleaning up his language." Holtz is trying to control his cussing—thus his frequent goldurn-its, gawdawg-its and other Snuffy Smith expressions. He backslides but explains, "The good Lord allows just so much profanity on a team and I use up our entire quota."

But while most Arkansas fans worship at Holtz' feet, they did require a few adjustments from him. Early on, Lou decided to make the Hog emblems on the helmets bigger and put stripes down the middle of the headgear. Nope, Lou, came the letters from more than 300 fans. At an early game, he wore a *green* sweater (he won't admit it was a Jet sweater but concedes "it did come from New York") and an avalanche of Razorback-red sweaters began arriving in the mail the next day. Then he did an air-conditioner commercial and endorsed a political candidate. Nope, Lou, don't do that. Grumps Holtz, "Being head coach at Arkansas is like being a state park."

But it can also be like being President. As Holtz was racing for an airplane recently, the metal detector

continued

Success keeps Holtz hopping (clockwise, from upper left) off to Texas for an SWC luncheon, to an interview at the College Football Hall of Fame in Kings Island, Ohio, to dinner with Darth Vader (Arkansas Governor David Pryor), to autograph booster books in his office, to practice, to keep fit in the weight room, to emcee a dinner in Little Rock, to golf with son Kevin in Fayetteville

went off as he passed through on the double. "Oh, go ahead," shouted the guard. "Anybody who beat Oklahoma 31–6 isn't gonna blow up no airplane."

Indeed, it was the Oklahoma game that made Holtz a folk hero. Despite an excellent season in which the only loss was to No. 1-ranked Texas—by four points—Arkansas was a 12½-point underdog in the early line for the Orange Bowl. Then, 13 days before the game, Holtz announced that three of his best players—all of them black, including Ben Cowins, a Heisman candidate this year—would not be on the traveling squad because of a dormitory incident involving a girl. There were threats of lawsuits and of a boycott by black players. Holtz held fast. The game was briefly taken off the boards and when it went back on, the spread was 17.

This season the three players Holtz disciplined showed up for practice in peak physical condition. Cowins, who was the Southwest Conference's second-best rusher in 1977, says, "I can't accept what he did but I respect it. It took a lot of courage. And I can't really say he has been unfair." Immediately after the Orange Bowl game, Holtz started receiving an average of 72 speaking invitations a week. He also got 12,000 letters in support of his firm discipline and in praise of his victory over Oklahoma.

Spring practice at Arkansas is particularly arduous. Last year Holtz gave out T shirts that said, SPRING 1977 SURVIVOR. This year the shirts read, SPRING 1978 WAS A BIG HIT. Holtz says his practices are "no worse than your ordinary death march," but he never forgets one of the underpinnings of his philosophy: "Don't ever ask a player to do something he doesn't have the ability to do because he'll question your ability as a coach, not his as an athlete." After one recent arduous session, Holtz was asked what had been accomplished. "We established who is going to coach this team," he said.

At practice, Holtz ranges from tyrannical to hysterical to hilarious. "In the first few days, you want to set the tempo," he says, "get everybody's head out of the clouds and onto football." Holtz grabs players by their face masks and shakes them; he flails at them with his hat; he throws his hat in disgust; he smacks players on the rear with his omnipresent manila folder. "Once things get going, then you begin to build confidence," he says. "You praise loudly and criticize softly."

Holtz once broke his hand when he slammed it through a blackboard. Film cans and projectors have been thrown when Holtz and his offensive coordinator, Larry Beightol, have been in the same projection room, though both unconvincingly say they haven't exactly thrown them *at* each other. When he is displeased with practice, Holtz has been known to turn his watch back and start over. "We're gonna get in two good hours," he told his troops recently, "even if it takes six hours."

Assistant Coach Pete Cordelli says, "Lou has an uncanny knack for knowing when to tear you down and when to build you up. He insists that the players come up to his level because he's sure not coming down to theirs." Holtz has few rules, but each is pragmatic. For example, players can play their stereos as loudly as they want in the dorm—as long as the guy in the next room can't hear it.

Yet Holtz seems unmercifully tough on his quarterback, the superlative Ron Calcagni. Holtz tells him, "I yell at you so much in practice that the game will be easy. You'll be glad for it to come, because I can't be out there with you and there will be so much noise you can't hear me." When, in a pressure situation, Holtz asks Calcagni what play he thinks might work, Ron invariably suggests one in which he runs with the ball. Holtz likes Calcagni's spunk. He equates it with the idea that anybody can walk 50 feet on a one-foot-wide board if it's two inches off the ground, but put it up 200 feet and few people dare try. "See, we never

Holtz, a former 103-pound high school blocking back, runs the Razorbacks ragged to get them ready

think about failure when the goal is low," says Holtz. Every year, his goals are win the conference, go to a bowl and win the national championship. Says one friend, "He even thought he could win a national championship when he was at William & Mary."

Holtz' dicta are no turnovers, no missed assignments, no foolish penalties, a superior kicking game and perfect goal-line play. Just like every coach in tbe country. But his fire, his dedication and his personality (often he'll pause during practice and do a magic trick for his players in order to illustrate a point) weave a kind of spell over the Razorbacks. True, he can be corny, he can even be wrong, but he is always positive and outspoken.

And unorthodox. Last year he advertised in the school paper for someone who could snap the ball on punts. A number of people showed up to try. One was good enough to make the team. But just before the Oklahoma State game, the player called Holtz and said, "I can't take the pressure. I'm gonna quit. What if I make a bad snap?" Whimpered Holtz, "What if I get fired?"

Unlike many coaches, Holtz always plays his second offensive unit for at least one series of downs each half. He even did it in the Texas loss. "It's not hard to understand if you've been a second-teamer all your fife," he explains. And how does he motivate offensive linemen? "I tell them the offensive line is the last stop before the bus stop."

Whether Arkansas will be Holtz' last coaching stop is, of course, not known, but there is widespread speculation that when Woody Hayes retires at Ohio State, Holtz will be a prime candidate for the job. Holtz was a defensive backfield coach under Hayes in 1968 and recalls O. J. Simpson's 80-yard touchdown run against the Buckeyes in the Rose Bowl. Hayes screamed, "Why did he go 80 yards?" Said Holtz, "Coach, that's all he needed."

Holtz began coaching as a senior at Kent State after a knee injury and an operation ended his career as a 152-pound center and linebacker. "I was not a good football player," he states unequivocally. At graduation time, Lou wanted only to marry Beth Barcus and settle down with the high school coaching job he had been offered in Euclid, Ohio. But Kent State Coach Trevor Rees persuaded Holtz to take a job as a graduate assistant at the University of Iowa, where Holtz received his master's degree in 1961.

Following his assistant job at Iowa, he held similar positions at William & Mary, Connecticut, South Carolina and Ohio State. In 1969, Lou finally landed a head coaching job, at William & Mary, and in 1972 he took over at North Carolina State. "I'm not a magician," he told the Wolfpack fans. "There's no such thing as magic." Then he'd do some of his magic tricks. But there may be such a thing as magic: NC State went to four straight bowls under Holtz.

Once, trying to make ends meet, Holtz signed up to sell cemetery plots. "You can't sell *anything*," Beth chided. "She was wrong," Lou says. "By the end of the summer, I'd sold our stereo, our car and our television."

Being at Arkansas with a national championship contender and slavering adulation is very heady stuff for a seraw-ny kid from Follansbee, W. Va. "I loved that state," says Holtz. "I stayed there until the age of reason." The Holtz family was not all that poor, but Lou did develop the habit of "looking in my wallet, not the mirror, to see whether I needed a haircut."

Later his family moved to East Liverpool, Ohio, which, he says, "is on the river, except every spring when it's *in* the river." At East Liverpool High he was a 103-pound blocking back and pulling guard. On Saturday night after a game, the big deal for Lou was to go down to the Golden Star Dairyland on Route 30 and count the cars and the girls.

When he married Beth, whom he met when she was dating a mutual friend in East Liverpool, Lou had a booklet of car payments and $6 in his pocket. His mother-in-law sent Beth a dress and Lou promptly returned it witb a note, "When it gets to where I can't clothe my wife, I'll keep her in the house."

Beth wishes Lou would slow down some so he could spend more time with his family. Says Holtz, "I know the names of three of our four kids." He does not, however, know his address, but he can get his home phone number correct within one digit. Why does Beth put up with his erratic schedule and temperament? "She's easily satisfied by the very best," says Holtz.

Holtz is a walking, nonstop one-liner. "I think that they come out of the lack of having anything else to say," he suggests. "Sometimes I say something serious and everybody laughs, which doesn't help my self-confidence a lot." Holtz just thinks funny, which makes it possible for him to get away with saying almost anything. At a roast for Arkansas Governor David Pryor, M.C. Holtz said, "There are two sides to every issue and we're fortunate to have a governor who takes both sides." But because people expect him to be Mr. Laffs, it can be a jolt when he's not. Like when things were going lousy before the Orange Bowl and all anyone wanted to talk about was the absent players. Lou stormed into his required interview and said, "Our practice was extremely poor. I feel we'll play extremely well. Are there any questions? Thank you." But that, too, is typical of another, less obvious, side of Holtz. He admits to higher peaks and deeper valleys than most people.

Thus far Holtz has a good relationship with Broyles, the Arkansas legend. "My office is 87 steps from Broyles'," says Holtz, "87 *giant* steps." The lines of authority are clear. When Holtz is asked about rumors that Arkansas, the only non-Texas school in the Southwest Conference, might join the Big Eight, he says, "Administrators administer, coaches coach, players play. Ask Broyles." Broyles concedes it is a possibility. And if Holtz is publicly mum on the subject, his son K.R., 12, is not. He wears a T shirt that says, ARKANSAS BIG EIGHT CHAMPS 1980.

Late the other evening, Holtz was in the Town Club, a private spot overlooking the Ozarks, putting up with adoring fans. One said, "Lou, if you never do another thing...." Holtz interrupted, "I probably won't." Somebody else told him of the guy who came there for lunch and had 23 martinis. "Goldurn it," said Holtz, "if I hadn't gotten served a meal by then, I would have walked out."

Finally, left alone, he mused that "I really only ever wanted two things. First, I never really wanted to be rich. Second, I never really wanted to be poor." With an income of around $100,000 a year (including salary, television, speaking and a housing allowance), Holtz certainly is comfortably off. Then Holtz uttered yet another one-liner, this one not intended to draw a laugh. "Actually, all I ever genuinely wanted," he said, "was to be the best in my field." END

To learn what makes Holtz' Hogs No. 1, and who will challenge them, turn page for scouting reports on the Top 20.

3

arkansas

OFFENSE
Veer
Starters returning: 9
Yards gained ('77):
Rushing—3,011
Passing—1,531

DEFENSE
Style: 5–2
Starters returning: 6
Yards allowed ('77):
Rushing—1,741
Passing— 984

Last year during a 34–0 romp over Houston, Arkansas Quarterback Ron Calcagni called a time-out and trotted over to the sideline to confer with Coach Lou Holtz. Calcagni was infuriated by the performance of one of his teammates. "You've got to get him out of there," Calcagni told Holtz. "He just doesn't want it bad enough." This year, as Calcagni and his teammates pursue the national championship, they will have a chance to show just how badly *they* want it.

Once a consistant force nationally, Arkansas had not seriously challenged for No. 1 since 1969. Then last season, with Calcagni leading the way by rolling up 1,693 yards in total offense and completing 53% of his passes, the Hogs lost only to No. 1 Texas and were invited to the Orange Bowl, where they upset heavily favored Oklahoma 31–6. Two-time All-Southwest Conference Running Back Ben Cowins (2,354 yards rushing the past two years) returns for his final season, along with junior Roland Sales who gained 205 yards and won the outstanding offensive player award in the Orange Bowl. Although Receiver Donny Bobo, who had 22 catches in '77, injured his knee in a scrimmage, Robert Farrell is expected to step in with little falloff in the passing game.

The longest run the Razorbacks gave up last year was 30 yards, the longest pass 31 yards, and it is again on defense that Arkansas should wear down the tough SWC opposition. But Arkansas' swarming defenders, led by Tackle Jimmy Walker, could usually count on getting good field position last year. Even if the offense stalled there was always Kicker Steve Little to call on. But Little has departed, drafted No. 1 by the St. Louis Cardinals, and there is no one of his caliber available. His probable replacement is Ismael Ordonez, who kicked eight field goals for West Los Angeles JC last year.

The Razorbacks meet Texas Oct. 21 in Austin, and if they come through that without getting their snouts bent out of shape, somebody better start thinking of a way to make *Sooooee* rhyme with No. 1.

2

penn state

OFFENSE
Multiple set
Starters returning: 7
Yards gained:
Rushing—2,360
Passing—2,286

DEFENSE
Style: 5–2
Starters returning: 4
Yards allowed:
Rushing—1,355
Passing—1,901

In 12 seasons under Coach Joe Paterno the Nittany Lions have won 112 games and lost but 24. They have had 23 All-Americas and 10 major bowl bids. In 1968, 1969 and 1973 they were unbeaten and untied. But national championships? Zero. "Maybe," Peterno says grimly, "the polls have been unfair."

Maybe, too, this year the polls will have no choice. Arkansas, Alabama and Oklahoma *might* not lose a game; Penn State—loaded as never before—*should* not. Thirty-one of 44 first- and second-teamers return from an 11–1 season in which the Lions outgained opponents by four-fifths of a mile and outscored them 32–14 on the average. Moreover, Penn State's recruiting was among the most successful in the nation. Even Paterno, not given to excess optimism, is rubbing his palms. "We're going to be explosive," he says. "Yes, better than last year."

Senior Quarterback Chuck Fusina already owns or shares nine Lion passing records. Last year he completed 58% of his 246 passes and had only nine intercepted. In Matt Suhey and Mike Guman, Bob Torray and Booker Moore, the Lions have two sets of experienced fullbacks and tailbacks from the team that gained 2,360 yards rushing last season. Split End Scott Fitzkee has a gaudy 22.6-yards-per-catch background. As a punter, Fitzkee boomed them an average of 38.4 and, remarkably, his 44 punts last season were returned a total of only 84 yards.

The secondary was a shade green last April, but by the end of spring drills, Peterno liked what he saw. On the line, Tackles Matt Millen and Bruce Clark are throwbacks to the Mike Reid-Steve Smear duo of 1968 and '69.

The crucial game this season with Ohio State was scheduled four years ago. It was anticipated as the season opener for both teams. But since then Penn State had to schedule Rutgers and Temple before the Buckeyes, a move that has made Ohio State Coach Woody Hayes furious. When it's over, he is apt to be angrier.

alabama

OFFENSE
Wishbone
Starters returning 6
Yards gained
Rushing—3,268
Passing—1,316

DEFENSE
Style 5–2
Starters returning 7
Yards allowed
Rushing—1,527
Passing—1,245

In Bear Bryant's 33 years as a head coach there have been seasons when, he says, he didn't know what to expect. This is not one of them; Alabama is loaded. Last year's loss to Nebraska, 31–24, in the team's second game wrecked the Tide's chances for the national championship, despite an otherwise perfect record that included a 35–6 Sugar Bowl rout of Ohio State. Already this year Bryant has made sure Nebraska will not play spoiler again. Last Saturday night 'Bama opened against the Cornhuskers with a devastating 20–3 win and made a believer out of Husker Coach Tom Osborne. "I thought we'd score *one* TD," Osborne said. "I see no reason why they shouldn't be ranked No. 1."

"Last year I was unsure about our defense," says Bryant. This year it was the offensive line. Led by 6' 3", 224-pound Center Dwight Stephenson, a defensive end in 1976, and Tackle Jim Bunch, another junior, that line will prove to be a far greater worry to rival coaches, as Osborne will attest.

Jeff Rutledge is a quality quarterback (the first Tide touchdown of the season came on a Rutledge pass). He threw only five interceptions last season and his 59.8% completion rate was tops in the SEC. Tony Nathan, whom a Tuscaloosa newspaper columnist called "a ballerina with a stick of dynamite on his fanny," was the conference rushing leader with a 6.2-yard average and 15 TDs.

The defense is impressive throughout, featuring a linebacking corps that may be the best in the nation. Seniors Barry Krauss, Rich Wingo and Rickey Gilliland were one-two-three in tackles last season for the Tide with 91, 75 and 63, and are all contenders for All-America honors. On a defense noted for quickness, perhaps the speediest man is Cornerback Don McNeal, a former split end who had three interceptions and broke up 11 passes in 1977.

Bryant is over one hurdle but has others coming up soon: Missouri, USC and Washington in three of the next four games. "I can't blame anyone," says Athletic Director Bryant. "I made up the damn schedule."

A ground attack based on speed and a defense braced with strength again should be the norm at Norman, where, given a little luck with injuries, Coach Barry Switzer can count on a Lott.

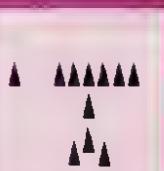
"The best wishbone quarterback ever to play at Oklahoma," is what Switzer calls senior Thomas Lott, who averaged 5.5 yards per carry as the leading rusher for the team whose rushing average (328.9 yards) was the nation's best in 1977. Lott also tied for the Big Eight lead in touchdown passes—this isn't a passing conference—with four. Sidelined for most of three games in '77 with a bruised nerve in his leg, Lott has a simple goal for 1978. "The main idea," he says, "is for me to stay as healthy as I can and play in all our games."

Lott directs a breakaway backfield whose attack point again will be over Right Guard Greg Roberts, likely to be the first lineman taken in the NFL draft. Elvis Peacock is gone, but Switzer still has an experienced backfield with speedsters Freddie Nixon, Jimmy Rogers, Kenny King and David Overstreet, who rushed for a 4.3-yard average as a freshman. Halfback Billy Sims, hurt much of last year, can be absolutely spectacular, while Kicker Uwe von Schamann is consistently so, having achieved a record 47 of 47 points after last season, 14 of 23 field goals (including the 41-yarder with three seconds left that defeated Ohio State) and a 39.3-yard punting average.

Defensively, the Sooners will again rely on Daryl Hunt and George Cumby, a pair of All-America linebackers who led the Sooners in tackles with 152 (71 unassisted) and 140 (73 unassisted) respectively. Switzer is also counting on the 20 yards of tape that encase Middle Guard Reggie Kinlaw's left knee to keep him sound for another season.

The obvious threats to Switzer's hopes for an unbeaten season are Texas and Nebraska. A more subtle factor is whether off-season coaching strife (three assistants quit) has had a demoralizing effect on the players.

oklahoma



OFFENSE
Wishbone
Starters returning 8
Yards gained
Rushing—3,618
Passing— 699

DEFENSE
Style 5–2
Starters returning 7
Yards allowed
Rushing—1,823
Passing—1,241

continued

5

UCLA

OFFENSE
Veer
Starters returning 6
Yards gained:
Rushing—2,569
Passing—1,246

DEFENSE
Style 5–2
Starters returning 7
Yards allowed:
Rushing—1,696
Passing—1,915

While USC and Weshington heve to make do with unproved quarterbacks, the Bruins have e known quantity in junior Rick Bashore, which might be the edge thet gets them into the Rose Bowl Bashore sterted 10 gemes es e sophomore, even though he suffered e crecked rib and collepsed lung, and he passed for more than 1,000 yards, only the second UCLA sophomore to do so (Gary Beban was the first, in 1965).

But it is Bashore operating the split-back veer running ettack thet reelly worries opponents. He can hand off to runners like Theotis Brown, seventh-leeding rusher in Bruin history end first-team All-Coast two years ego; James Owens, e world-class high hurdler who geined 938 yerds lest season; or sophomore Freeman McNeil, wooed by scores of schools. The blocking up front would be stronger hed Center Brent Boyd not broken e bone in his foot in spring prectice, one of several serious spring injuries. Boyd, who hes elreedy hed one operetion, is probebly out for the seeson. Sophomore Larry Lee moves from guard to replece him.

The defense figures to be rugged, led by Nose Guard Manu Tuiasosopo, from far-off Semoa, end Free Sefety Kenny Easley, from elmost es far-off Chesapeake, Va. Easley is the only freshman ever to be named All-Pec 8 defensive beck. And Coach Terry Donahue's Insh eyes light up when he telks about two-time All-America Jerry Robinson, who wes miscast as e receiver during his freshmen year but is now e certain first-round pro selection as a linebacker.

"I think Jerry's consistent performance is the key thing," says the young coach. "To me, whet mekes Robinson an outstanding footbail pleyer is his ability to practice hard. He is one of the most unspoiled supersters I've ever been eround."

Perhaps UCLA's biggest hurdle comes right et the stert, an unusuel season-opening conference game at Weshington, where the Bruins heve won only once (two yeers ago) in 18 yeers.

We regerd the following morsel of information es we would e rettlesnake Ohio State has a freshman quarterback, e *passing* phenom, who is a fair bet to replece the seasoned senior Rod Gerald before too many Seturdays, efter which Gereld would become e wide receiver. Of pesses. Usuelly reliable sources close to the Ohio Stete scene say this. You may not believe it. We don't believe it. But until we all find out what they've been smoking out there, we're stuck with it.

Art Schlichter (pronounced Schleester) is the freshmen's name. He stends 6′ 3″ and weighs 195 pounds. At high school in Washington Court House, Ohio, Schlichter completed 108 of 190 pesses for 1,794 yards and 21 touchdowns last seeson. So what? Woody Heyes doesn't play beanbeg. But now we come to a fect that makes the story faintly pleusible. Schlichter evereged 7.2 yards e pop when he carried the bell Maybe he's e fullback disguised es e quarterback. Another fact: Schlichter wes throwing the bell to Gereld in summer workouts.

We hurry on to more familier deta. Ohio State is approximately as strong in other departments es it has been through recorded history.

Senior Teilback Ron Springs might well pick up more than 1,000 yards end despite the loss of All-America Offensive Teckle Chris Ward, the line is typically robust.

There is excellent speed and quickness on defense. Tom Cousineau, an All-America linebecker in 1977, mey be the best et thet position since Randy Gredishar, the Denver nonpareil. True, Hayes is said not to be especielly deep in the defensive line. Not exactly thin, either, we suspect.

Whetever Hayes has up his sleeve, the season will not be e success unless he beets Michigan, something he hesn't accomplished in three yeers. This time he's e good bet to do it.

Well before then, though, in fact on Sept. 16, he hes another big one, egainst Penn Stete. Thet schoo! wes Schlichter's second choice. Penn State is e little miffed thet he got awey, so look for some excitement.

6

OHIO STATE

OFFENSE
I-Formation
Starters returning 7
Yards gained:
Rushing—3,694
Passing—1,121

DEFENSE
Style 5–2
Starters returning 7
Yards allowed
Rushing—1,715
Passing—1,213

continued

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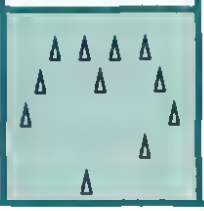
DODGE DIPLOMAT.

7

notre dame

OFFENSE
I-Formation
Starters returning 7
Yards gained
Rushing—2,551
Passing—2,289

DEFENSE
Style 4–3–4
Starters returning 5
Yards allowed
Rushing— 981
Passing—1,626



Gone from the offense are Ken MacAfee and Ernie Hughes, chosen in NFL draft rounds one and three. The defense lost Ross Browner and Luther Bradley, both first-round picks, end Willie Fry and Ted Burgmeier, second- and fifth-rounders. Without them, the Irish are in trouble, right? Trouble repeating as national champs, yes. Trouble as the have-nots know it, no.

With seven starters returning from the attack that ran up 35 points a game, the Irish should be able to score. The quarterback is still Joe Montana, who transformed a run-heavy offense that averaged only 269 yards its first two games into a balanced attack that gained nearly 500 thereafter, beginning when he took over in the third game. Vegas Ferguson, the dervish halfback who gained 6.2 yards a carry, can only improve now that he has recovered from an ankle sprain that sidelined him for all or most of five games. And by October Jerome Heavens should have the 387 yards he needs to pass George Gipp as Notre Dame's all-time leading rusher. Kevin Hart, son of Hall-of-Famer Leon Hart, replaces MacAfee at tight end. But look for Montana to pass more often to Split End Kris Haines, who had 28 receptions for 587 yards in '77. If there is a problem area, it might be the offensive line, which Coach Dan Devine spent much of spring practice realigning.

Defensively, the cornerbacks are inexperienced and only Mike Calhoun returns to the line. But Linebackers Bob Golic and Steve Heimkreiter, the *No. 1 and No. 3 tacklers last year, are* solid, as is Safety Jim Browner, now in his third season as a starter.

The schedule lists five tough early opponents. "It's baptism by fire," says Devine, who has felt heat before, even though Notre Dame has won 80% of its games and two bowls in his three seasons. If the juggled offensive line works out, and if the defense matures fast, and if the Irish can avoid the annual upset (Georgia Tech in '76, Mississippi last season), they might go all the way again. Probably *an if or two* too many there, though.

8

texas

OFFENSE
Veer
Starters returning 5
Yards gained
Rushing—3,369
Passing—1,436

DEFENSE
Style 4–3–4
Starters returning 9
Yards allowed.
Rushing—1,002
Passing—1,459

This looks as if it could be another of those "rebuilding" years for the Longhorns, the kind in which they finish up at 10–1 or 9–2. Gone are the nation's best running back (Heisman Trophy winner Earl Campbell), the best defensive lineman in the country (Outland Trophy winner Brad Shearer), the leading pass receiver in the school's history (Alfred Jackson) and four starters from the offensive line. All the 'Horns have coming back this season are the top-scoring field-goal kicker in the country (Russell Erxleben), the best punter in the game (Erxleben again) and almost everyone except Shearer from the first-string defensive unit, which didn't allow a touchdown until the Longhorns' sixth game of the season.

Last year was also supposed to be a building year for Coach Fred Akers, so all Texas did was go 11–0 and spend most of the season ranked *No. 1—until its abysmal performance* against Notre Dame in the Cotton Bowl. In five games the Longhorns scored 44 points or better, winning them by an average margin of 45.6. The fact that Texas beat Oklahoma 13–6 after losing its first- and second-string quarterbacks early in the game suggests that the team could have been run by George Plimpton and still have won. In fact, the 'Horns used rushing plays 82% of the time, something this year's squad will not be able to do with equal success. That could make the battle among Mark McBath, Jon Aune and Randy McEachern for the quarterback job critical.

Johnny (Hem) Jones (5.3 yards per carry) is the one established running back in the Texas veer and I formations, and he spent this spring rushing rather than blocking, preparing to emerge from Campbell's shadow. World-class sprinter Johnny (Lam) Jones gives Texas a deep threat at flanker; he caught 21 passes for 543 yards and seven touchdowns in his first season as a full-time receiver. There is also a *promising freshman* back named A. J. (Jam) Jones, rounding out what Texans hope will be a movable feast of Lam, Jam and Hem.

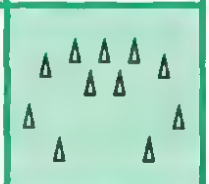
continued

9

USC

OFFENSE
I-Formation
Starters returning 5
Yards gained:
Rushing—3,231
Passing—2,348

DEFENSE
Style 3–4
Starters returning 6
Yards allowed
Rushing—2,038
Passing—1,533



The Trojans are noted for fine tailbacks—they have two outstanding ones this year in Charles White and Dwight Ford—and their quarterback situation hasn't been all that bad, either. *Nine* USC quarterbacks have been named the outstanding player in the Rose Bowl. Now comes Paul McDonald, a lefty who could carry on the proud tradition. He played just 22 minutes last year behind Rob Hertel, but he has the pedigree, having come from the same high school powerhouse that produced UCLA's John Sciarra and USC's Pat Haden.

"He has an extremely accurate arm," says Johnny Robinson, winner of two bowl games in his two years as a head coach. "But that's just one phase of the quarterback position. I think he also has the ability to deliver the ball to a variety of targets."

Even if McDonald never puts the ball in the air, USC's offense will be formidable. White and Ford are dazzling runners, and Fullback Lynn Cain had a 5.4-yard average as backup to Mosi Tatupu. But the 6' 1", 205-pound Cain is not yet the blocker Tatupu was. It may hardly matter, with bettering rams up front like 6' 7", 280-pound Tackle Anthony Munoz and Guards Brad Budde and Pat Howell. "The offensive line is probably the strength of our team right now," says Robinson.

The defense has talent, too, but not as much playing time as Robinson would like. Potential standouts are Nose Guard Rich Dimler from Bayonne, N.J., who is as tough as his hometown's reputation, and Tackle Myron Lapka. And, as an inkling of the kind of all-round athletes USC has landed in recent recruiting years, sophomore Safety Dennis Smith high-jumped 7' 0" in both of the track meets he participated in last spring.

The Trojans will be legitimate contenders for No. 1 a year from now, but the schedule this season is too tough for the young squad. With non-league foes such as Alabama and Notre Dame, plus Pac-10 rivals Washington and UCLA coming back to back, followed next by the Irish, it's not a schedule, it's a death wish.

Rankled by five consecutive losses to Oklahoma and the ensuing succession of bowls less juicy than Orange, Coach Tom Osborne has adjusted his offense to enable I. M. Hipp and Rick Berns to operate at the same time. After a flirtation with the veer in the spring, Osborne has decided to stick with the I, with Berns, the better blocker, at fullback and Hipp at I-back.

A walk-on replacement when Berns suffered a hip pointer in the Baylor game last season, Hipp, a sophomore, went on to average 6.3 yards per carry and set Cornhusker single-season (1,353 yards) and one-game (254 yards) rushing records. After scouting Nebraska's spring game, California Assistant Coach Skip Stress said, "Most backs run on the balls of their feet. Hipp runs on his heels, which allows him to make those quick cuts." Berns came back to gain 700 yards in 1977. The potent rushing duo operates behind a line led by Kelvin Clark, whom Osborne calls "the best offensive tackle we've had in my years at Nebraska."

But if Nebraska is to improve on its 9–3 record, the defense is going to have to tighten up. Last season it surrendered an average of four yards per opponent's rush, and in its opening-game loss to Alabama last Saturday night, Nebraska allowed 264 rushing yards. Defensive coordinator Lance Van Zandt says, "We'll still be based in an odd-man alignment, but we'll try to figure out a scheme where there is somebody who isn't being blocked so he can make the hit. Maybe some eight-man fronts or overshifts." If Van Zandt's masking tactics don't do it, Nebraska will be in trouble. The defense is comparatively light, the standouts being six-foot, 207-pound Kerry Weinmaster at middle guard, 6' 4", 233-pound George Andrews at end and 6' 3", 206-pound Linebacker Lee Kunz, who is also Big Eight discus champion.

If Osborne's revamped defense comes together, and he gets results from Hipp and Berns in the same backfield, he should be able to make his best run yet at the Big Eight title.

10

Nebraska

OFFENSE
I-Formation
Starters returning 6
Yards gained
Rushing—3,534
Passing—1,402

DEFENSE
Style 5–2
Starters returning 7
Yards allowed
Rushing—2,449
Passing—1,130

continued

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11 PITTSBURGH

OFFENSE
Veer
Starters returning: 4
Yards gained:
Rushing—2,399
Passing—2,367

DEFENSE
Style: 5–2
Starters returning: 6
Yards allowed:
Rushing—1,573
Passing—1,575

Last September, Pitt was the defending national champion, but its chances of repeating—or even of being very successful—seemed slim. Tony Dorsett was gone and, worse, the depth chart looked more like a shallow chart. But the Panthers won nine games and were ranked eighth. How? "Well," says Coach Jackie Sherrill, "we did have a great recruiting year."

Great, indeed. In all, 18 freshmen lettered and 22 made traveling squads, probably a record for any Top Ten team. Now those youngsters are a year older and savvier. On defense 10 experienced sophomores rejoin five returning upperclassmen on a unit that surrendered just 11.2 points a game.

Best among them is End Hugh Green, who will always be remembered for the game at Boston College in which he stopped a punt attempt by hurdling a deep blocker and—while still in midair—tackling the punter with his legs. But upperclassmen Dave DiCiccio, Dave Logan, Jaff Pelusi and leading tackler (82) Al Chesley are almost as impressive. Together they are the heart of a defense that held Notre Dame and Penn State to two touchdowns below their normal averages.

Offensively, Pitt has a star in Split End Gordon (Too Much) Jones and a potential star in Halfback Ray (Rooster) Jones. Too Much already holds four Pitt receiving records and also was the nation's 10th-best punt returner. The linemen are mammoth, especially Matt Carroll (6′ 3″, 260) and Mark May (6′ 5″, 270).

Pitt has a schedule that includes four bowl winners, and the Panthers have lost a splendid quarterback, Matt Cavanaugh. In the three games his successor, Rick Trocano, started last year, Pitt scored 149 points, though Trocano completed only 12 of 23 passes and had four intercepted. Nevertheless, Sherrill is optimistic about the season. "We've still got some big guns and we were further ahead than we were last season after spring practice," he says.

Anything else?

"Yeah. We had an excellent recruiting year."

12 MICHIGAN

According to Michigan Coach Bo Schembechler, "The teams that win this season will be the ones that stay healthy and have some depth." A truism, sure, when Bo says it, he means his Wolverines have some rebuilding to do, specifically "around the perimeters of our defense."

Although three starters were lost from the offensive line, Tackle Bill Dufek returns after a year on the sidelines with a broken bone in his ankle. One of the finest Wolverine linemen in the past decade and All-Big Ten in 1976, Dufek is a strong bet for All-America honors if he stays sound.

Quarterback Rick Leach directs the offense for the fourth year, abetted by Fullback Russell Davis, Tailback Harlan Huckleby and Wingback Ralph Clayton. What may make the difference in the big games is Leach's evolving ability to pass. If he can acquire the habit of throwing as well as he did against Washington in the Rose Bowl, Michigan could break its 0–5 streak in postseason play.

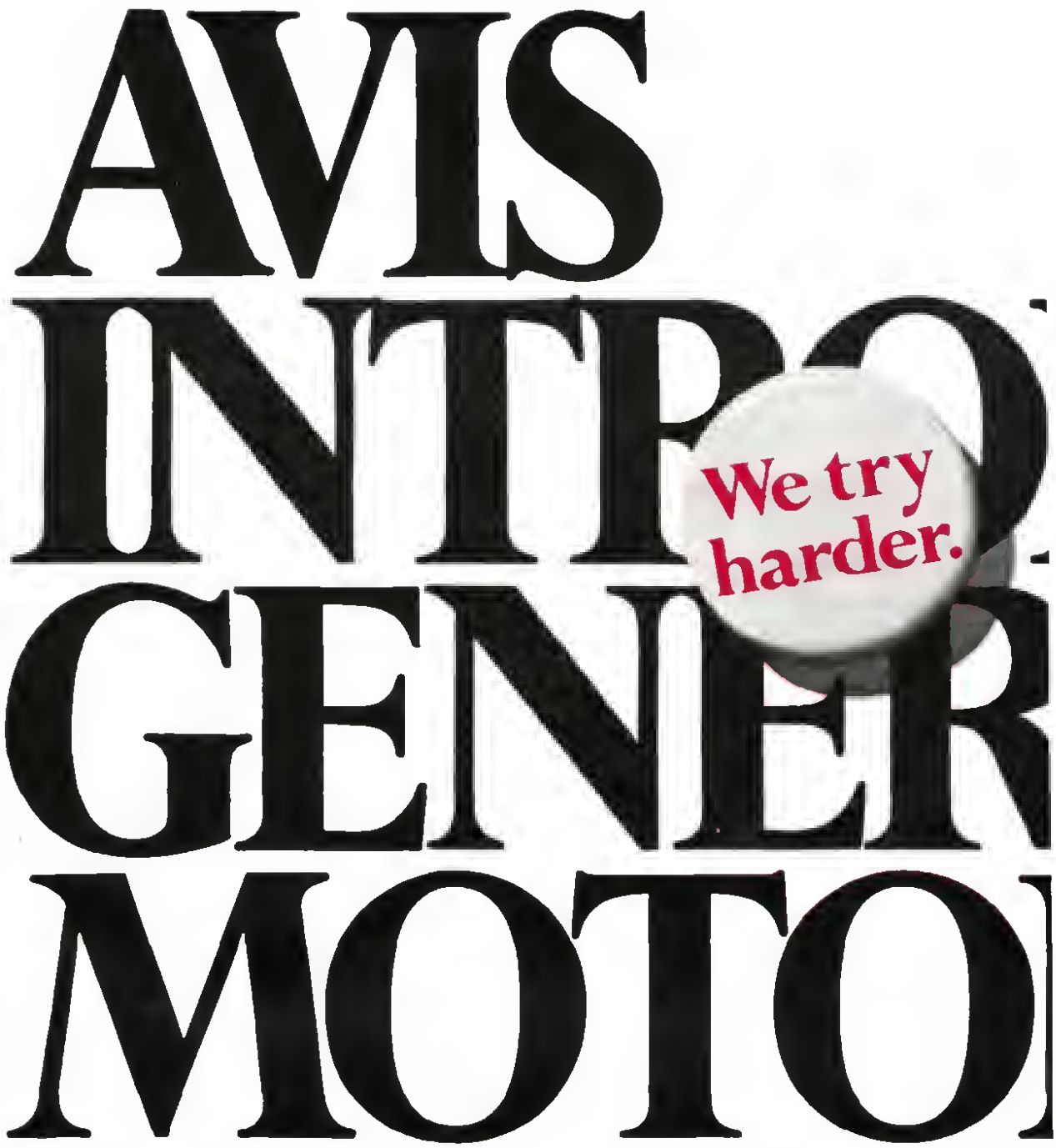
That's where those suspect "perimeters" of Bo's defense will be tested. In the ball-and-chain offensive play of the Big Ten, a weak secondary can often go unnoticed all the way up to a bowl game, when a wide-open offense rips it apart. Schembechler has an outstanding linebacker in Ron Simpkins, who had 174 tackles last season, and Dale Keitz and Curtis Greer as principal bulwarks in a veteran line. Whether it all comes together will be evident in the second game of the season with Notre Dame and its versatile quarterback, Joe Montana.

There is another variable in Michigan's prospects. With the emphasis on speed and quickness and Ann Arbor's Tartan Turf, the Wolverines seem to lose something when they play on grass. Although Schembechler poohpoohs any such suggestion, all four losses in the past two years, including two Rose Bowls, have come in away games on natural fields. Both of Michigan's make-or-break games, against Notre Dame and Ohio State, will be played away, but at least the Ohio State showdown is on a rug.

OFFENSE
I-Formation
Starters returning: 6
Yards gained:
Rushing—2,986
Passing—1,378

DEFENSE
Style: 5–2
Starters returning: 5
Yards allowed
Rushing—1,451
Passing—1,561

continued



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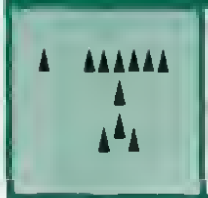
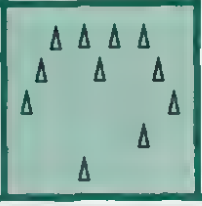


OFFENSE
Wishbone
Starters returning 7
Yards gained
Rushing—3,304
Passing— 874

DEFENSE
Style 4–3
Starters returning 5
Yards allowed·
Rushing—1,865
Passing—1,748



Before the start of last seeson, football writers and broadcasters were polled by the TCU Sports Information office to pick e Southwest Conferenca fevorite. Taxes A&M gathered the highest number of points in the poll's history, while Texas got only three of the 159 first-place votas cast. So Texas swept undefeated to the SWC championship, and the Aggies wound up 8–3 and third in tha confarence. This year Arkanses is No. 1 with the voters, who have picked the wrong winner 77% of the time for 44 years. That has naturally got e lot of people in College Station pretty axcited.

A&M's strength will once egein be its offensa, despite the loss of George Wooderd. The 265-pound fullback, who geined 1,107 yards in 1977, snapped e bone in his leg pleying in e slow-pitch softball game last spring and will probebly sit out the seeson. The Aggies elso lost No. 2 Fullbeck Eddie Herdin because of a neck injury thet occurred during spring drills, which has torced Coach Emory Bellard to instell former Halfback David Brothers at the fullback spot. With Curtis Dickay returning et halfback and 220-pound Adger Armstrong running like a bull in prectice, the Aggies still have versatility, if not depth, in the backtield. Dickey, at 6' 1" end 205 pounds, is e world-class sprinter who, Bellard believes, could be All-America this season. Handing off to Dickey will be sophomore Quarterback Mike Mosley, who broke into the lineup late last seeson and avereged 6.4 yards per carry.

When the Aggia becks can't get the job done, look for Kicker Tony Franklin. Franklin hed field goals of 64 and 65 yerds in 1976, end hes kicked 15 field goals of 50 yards or more, tops in NCAA history.

The Aggies start as meny as three freshmen and sophomores on defensa, where they have been particularly vulnerable to long gainers. "I think the big key will be how quickly we cen come around on defense," says Bellard. What he means, specifically, is how quickly the linebacking comes eround.

14

LSU

OFFENSE
I-Formation
Starters returning: 9
Yards gained·
Rushing—3,352
Passing—1,190

DEFENSE
Style: 4–3
Starters returning: 5
Yards allowed:
Rushing—2,024
Passing—1,480

LSU has one particular star, Tailback Charles Alexander. He stands 6' 1", weighs 214 end heils trom Gelveston, Texas. He runs fast (4.35 tor the 40) and often (28.3 attempts per game). He blocks, he catches passes and he is so modestly team-oriented that he avoids talk ot his echievements. But if LSU is to improve on last year's 8–3 record, Coach Cherlie McClendon is going to have to have better pessing to take the burden oft his Heisman candidata. He also requires rapid development on defense

After two knee operations and a redshirt season, senior Cornerback Clinton Burrell could be McClendon's anchor in the secondary. Willie Teal and Chris Williems, who combined for 81 tackles last season, should do much to steady the Tigers at free safety end cornerbeck.

At quarterback McClendon finds himself with two talented juniors of sharply dittering styles. David Woodley is e runner with 4.6 speed who hed en excellent spring; Steve Ensminger is e passer who missed spring prectice with an ankle injury. Considering the need for pessing, Ensminger, if healthy, should be McClendon's starter. Whoever leads the oftense will be blessed with an abundence of speed in Alexander, Fullback LeRoid Jones (4.5) and Split Ends Willie Turner (4.35) and Carlos Carson (4.3). The letter ceught 10 touchdown passes in 1977.

Since 1974 the Tigers' disabled list has turned promising springs into disastrous autumns, end McClendon's job security has become tenuous. Now entering his 17th seeson as heed coach et LSU, McClendon is in the last year ot e two-year contract. In 1977 the Tigers had e heart-stopping habit of rellying to win: three ot the comeback victories were echieved efter LSU had been down by 10, 15 and 21 points. McClendon says, "I hope we don't heve to go through anything like that egein this year." Unless the Tigers must to win, coach. If they repeet that pattern of catch-up play but tell to catch up, McClendon's position will be insecure indeed.

continued

Miles & Miles of Heart

me & my ARROW

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A PRODUCT OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

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And you like it.

Oh, you can be serious. You have to be, when it comes to a major expense like a new car. That's partially why we build the Plymouth Arrow. Arrow's got a lean, crisp look. No excess weight or bulk. And that wide, piston-assisted hatch and fold-down rear seat sure come in handy.

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For 1978, every Arrow features our new MCA Jet System, an air injection system that gives you great mileage *and* great performance.

39 MPG HWY* 29 MPG CITY*

The 1978 Plymouth Arrows. They all give you tinted glass, tilt wheel, reclining buckets . . . and a special kind of feeling on a special kind of day. They give you . . . miles and miles of heart. Buy or Lease at your Chrysler-Plymouth Dealer.

*Based on EPA estimates for Arrow's 2.6 litre engine with manual transmission. Your actual mileage may differ depending on your driving habits, your car's condition, and its optional equipment. California mileage lower.

THE PLYMOUTH ARROWS FOR '78

THE FIRST ANNUAL L
AND MARV THRONEBER

TASTES GREAT TEAM

(Left to right) **Boom-Boom Geoffrion.** If your real first name were Bernie, you'd want to be called Boom-Boom, too. Says Lite has "un goût magnifique."

Grits Gresham. If your first name were Grits, you'd want to be called Bernie. And that's no fish story.

Unidentified.

Rodney Dangerfield. When he went to the beach as a kid, his parents would pay the lifeguard five dollars to keep an eye *off* him.

Tommy Heinsohn. Likes the taste of Lite more than he likes refs. Much more. Shortly after this photo was taken, he was thrown off the beach.

Billy Martin. Says the best thing about Lite is that it tastes great.

Paul Hornung. Loves to have his picture taken. Voted himself Best Looking Man in this ad.

Bubba Smith. Loves the easy-opening can. Threatened to end tug o' war by eating the rope.

Announcer: **Phil Rizzuto.** Was to be master of ceremonies at First Annual Marv Throneberry Testimonial Dinner.

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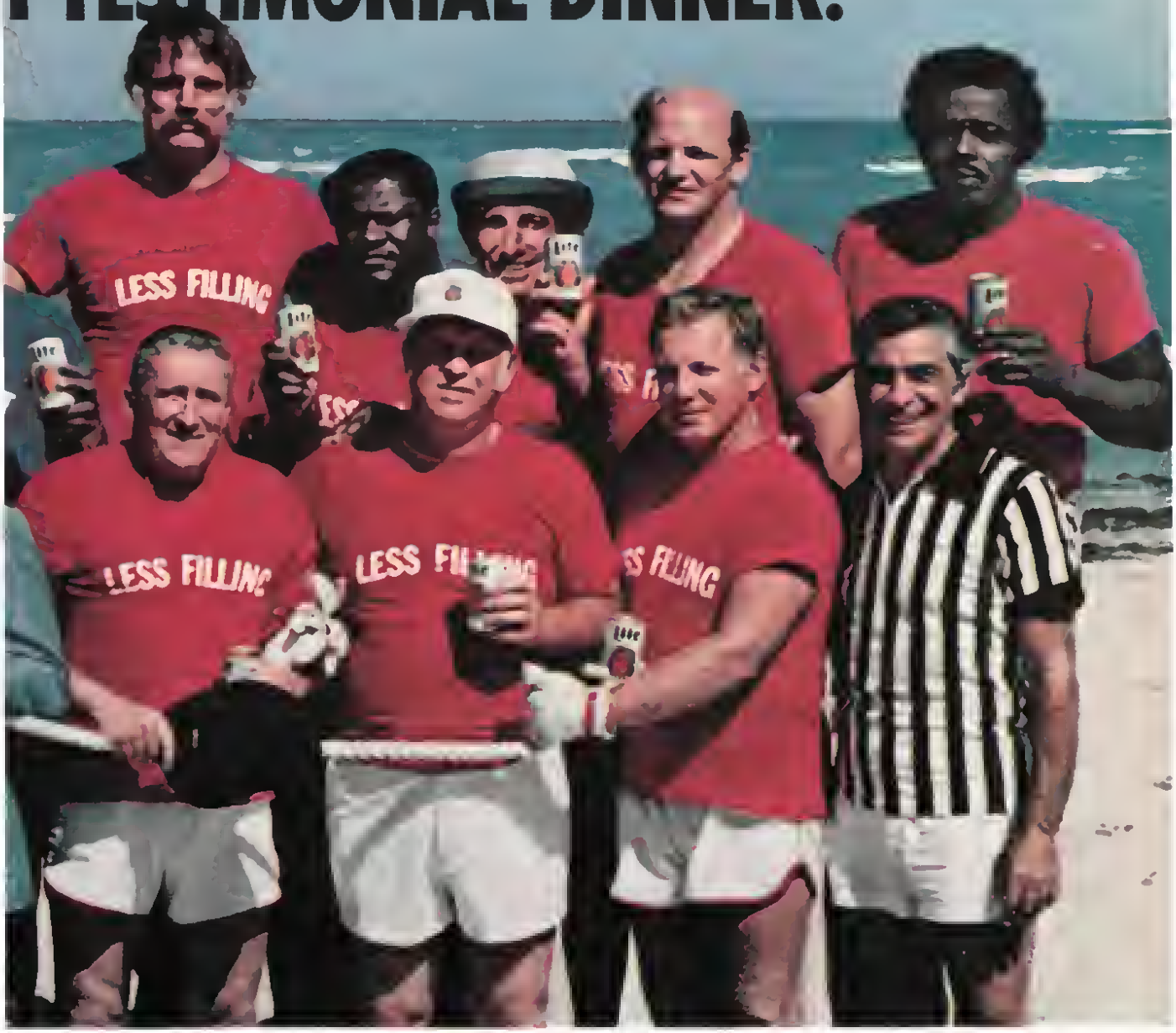

LESS FILLING TEAM

Ben Davidson. Too big to make fun of. If he says the best thing about Lite is that it's less filling, we'll go along with him.

Mickey Spillane. What's a nice guy like him doing in an ad like this?

Matt Snell. Nicknamed "Smiley." So tough he kicked sand in his own face.

Marv Throneberry. Doesn't know why they asked him to do this ad. His testimonial dinner was cancelled.

Billy Martin. Says the best thing about Lite is that it's less filling.

Ray Nitschke. Can't afford to get filled up. Government is using his head in solar heating experiments.

Whitey Ford. Mr. Nice Guy. So nice he actually gave Rodney Dangerfield some respect.

Deacon Jones. Known as "The Fearsome Onesome." Picked a fight with the State of Florida.

Referee **Mendy Rudolph.** Called an offensive foul on Rodney's tie. Threw Heinsohn off the beach.

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Personally, we don't care what your reason is for drinking Lite. We're just happy that so many people like our beer.

The First Annual Marv Throneberry Testimonial Dinner? Well, no one is quite sure why it was cancelled. Then again, no one is quite sure why it was planned.

ALWAYS WANTED IN A BEER. AND LESS.

The Marlboro Cup®

Thoroughbred Race of the Year.

Saturday, September 16th at Belmont Park. Presented by Marlboro Cigarettes.

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Warning. The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

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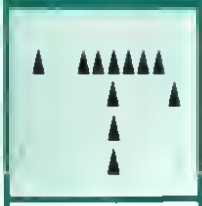

OFFENSE
I-Formation
Starters returning 9
Yards gained
Rushing—2,428
Passing—1,637

DEFENSE
Style 3–4
Starters returning. 9
Yards allowed
Rushing—1,634
Passing—1,640

Some of senior Linebacker Michael Jackson's finest performances come in the Husky locker room after victories, when he does his Muhammad Ali imitation—mugging and spouting "We are the greatest" monologues But Washington will gladly settle for his on-field feats Jackson is the 6′ ½″, 226-pounder who led the team in tackles (210) and interceptions (five, two of which came in a 28–10 upset of USC and another in the Huskies' 27–20 Rose Bowl win over Michigan)

Says Coach Don James, "At Kent State I coached Jack Lambert, now with the Steelers. Jack is the No. 1 competitor I've ever been around, but Mike is a better athlete."

Washington has plenty of other talented and experienced men on defense, notably Cornerback Nesby Glasgow, who was also the Pac 8's top punt returner last season, and Tackle Doug Martin. This is fortunate because the very first game is played at home against UCLA on national TV, and the Bruins don't figure to be easy to stop.

The mostly veteran offense looks potent, too, but James is undecided about who is going to be passing the ball to Split End Robert (Spider) Gaines, who averaged 22.3 yards per reception last year and had seven receptions in the Huskies' upset of Michigan in the Rose Bowl Another sure-handed target is Tailback Joe Steele, who rushed for 865 yards and had 25 pass receptions in '77. The leading quarterback in spring practice was Duane Akina, a Hawaiian who backed up Warren Moon last year But Akina injured a knee in practice, and the job now will go to junior-college transfer Tom Porras, with sophomore Tom Flick as backup. Both will be protected by an experienced line led by 252-pound tackle Jeff Toews

Some Huskies are talking not only Pac-10 title but national title as well As might be expected, Jackson is one. "We're good," he says. "We know it, and everybody else knows it. Let them come to town worrying about *us* this time. I guarantee you we're going to be there."

16 North Carolina

OFFENSE
Veer
Starters returning 7
Yards gained
Rushing—2,668
Passing—1,046

DEFENSE
Style 5–2
Starters returning 7
Yards allowed
Rushing—1,487
Passing—1,137

Coach Dick Crum moves into Tar Heel territory with a fine set of credentials from four years at Miami of Ohio—a won-lost record of 34–10–1, three Mid-American Conference championships and two Tangerine Bowl victories. Crum also brings a refreshing attitude, saying things like, "There is more to life than football," and "At this level football requires a large percentage of the player's time, but it shouldn't be the dominant percentage."

So perhaps the biggest imponderable concerning the 1978 Tar Heels is the team's reaction to the new fellow and his ideas. One thing they will certainly have to adapt to is a switch to the veer from the I formation favored by Crum's predecessor, Bill Dooley. The key to success will be ACC rookie of the year Amos Lawrence Despite playing in only 10 games and not becoming a starter until the sixth game of the season, Lawrence rushed for 1,211 yards in 1977, eighth best in the country. Up to 186 pounds from 175, the sophomore back now lines up just three yards behind the line, compared to seven in the I. Lawrence, in fact, was Crum's reason for changing the Tar Heels' basic offensive formation. "Amos is a great runner," Crum says. "We want to give him more opportunities." Matt Kupec, starting for his third season at quarterback, loves the new offense. "Coach Crum tells me he wants to throw 20 times a game—Coach Dooley would never say that." The offensive line is anchored by Guard Mike Salzano, 6′ 4″, 245 pounds, the AAC's No 1 candidate for All-America.

On defense seven starters return from a team that led the nation in preventing scores, yielding only 81 points in 11 games. Two All-Conference returnees are End Ken Sheets, 6′ 3″, 225 pounds, and Linebacker Buddy Curry, 6′ 3″, 217 pounds. But the Tar Heels lost some good ones, too, and Crum worries that he is thin at defensive tackle and at linebacker

Nevertheless, North Carolina should retain its conference championship with relative ease. It may even improve on that 8–3–1 record

continued

Sears Crossbuck Style Storm-Screen Door. Save $14. Only $55.99
(until Sept 23)
This handsome 1¼ inch outer door has tempered glass can be hinged right or left and is pre-hung for easy installation 32 inch or 36 inch widths 80 inch height

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Sears Best Interior Paints. Save $4 per gallon. Only $8.99 each
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(Not shown) Craftsman 147-Pc Professional Mechanics' Tool Set **Now only $219.00.** Save $102 52* until Sept 30

*Savings based on regular separate prices from 1978 79 Power and Hand Tool catalogs

A B C

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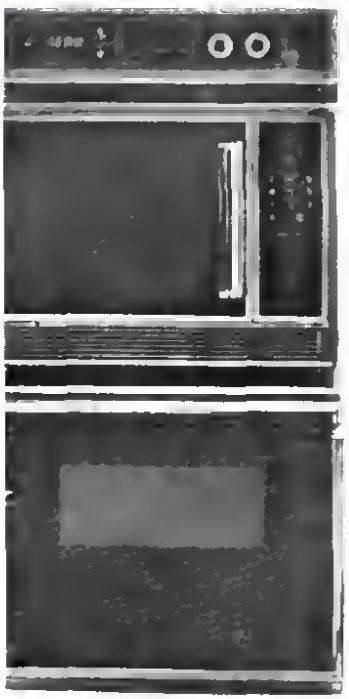

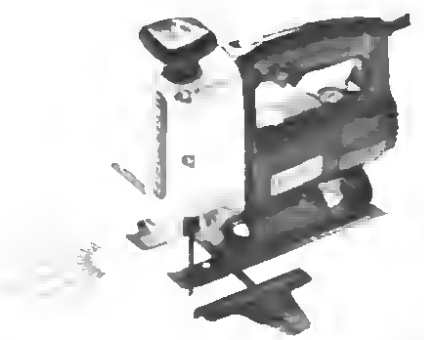

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Only $49[99]

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Only at Sears! Blade pivots freely as you apply pressure to handle follows intricate lines of cut without having to turn saw Saw has 12 dial controlled pre-set speeds and develops maximum 1/2 HP Blade cuts a one-inch stroke

[illegible] savings based on regular separate price from 1978 [illegible]

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In finish that matches your firescreen Set includes metal poker, shovel, brush and stand

Sears lowest price ever on Antique Brass Finish Glass Door Firescreens. Only $98[99]. Save $21.

Attractively functional and fully assembled Insulated frame with energy-efficient shatter-resistant tempered glass doors (3/16 inch thick) to help save heat

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COLORADO

OFFENSE
I-Formation
Starters returning: 7
Yards gained
Rushing—2,818
Passing—1,342

DEFENSE
Style: 5–2
Starters returning: 6
Yards allowed:
Rushing—2,287
Passing—1,337

Colorado's first five games are in its own mile-high home, against Oregon, Miami, San Jose State, Northwestern and Kansas. Bliss. The first away game is against the shattered gang at Oklahoma State and—bingo!—the Buffs are 6–0. But now come the ogres. Well, at least Colorado catches Oklahoma and Nebraska at Boulder. The Buffs have beaten the Sooners in four of their last six games, but the Cornhuskers are a different matter; they have lost only once to Colorado in the last 16 games. Give or take a whammy here and there, the Buff schedule adds up to a record better than the 7–3–1 of 1977, and another bowl bid.

James Mayberry is a smallish (5' 11", 205 pounds) fullback whose 4.5-second speed and agility carried him to 1,299 yards rushing and a 5.3-yard average last season. This year the Buffalos will switch often to the veer to take advantage of Mayberry's quickness and the breakaway ability of Tailback Eddie Walker. The offensive line will again carve out daylight for Mayberry and his accomplices. Tackle Matt Miller, a 275-pounder, has All-America potential. End Tight End Bob Niziolek is both a fine blocker and possessive receiver.

The Buffalo defense features Tackle Ruben Vaughan, 6' 4", 256 pounds, an intense young bear of a man who is able to bench-press 475 pounds, and Nose Guard Lavel Short, 6' 2", 241. Despite the steadying presence of Safety Mark Haynes, the secondary may not be exactly airtight, and there is reason to be a bit leery about the quality of the linebackers—a position riddled by injuries in the last two years. Yet Coach Bill Mallory says of the overall defense: "I have a good gut feeling about them; this could be a winning defense."

With a bit of luck—which Colorado decidedly did not have last season because of injuries and disciplinary wrangles that cost Mallory a fine battery in Quarterback Jeff Knappla and Split End Steve Geunty (who both transferred to the University of North Colorado)—this could wind up a memorable season in Boulder.

BYU

OFFENSE
Pro-set
Starters returning: 4
Yards gained
Rushing—1,414
Passing—3,758

DEFENSE
Style: 4–3
Starters returning: 7
Yards allowed:
Rushing—1,789
Passing—1,901

In the past two seasons the BYU offense has featured college football's most consistent aerial act, one that has produced 18 victories, two Western Athletic Conference co-championships and some of the happiest fans in America. While others worry about establishing a running game, Coach LaVell Edwards again plans to cut off BYU foes with the pass, for the following reason: 6' 5" Quarterback Marc Wilson. Wilson threw for 2,418 yards and 24 touchdowns in seven starts after a knee injury ended Gifford Nielsen's college career, and BYU wound up with the NCAA team passing title (341.6 yards a game).

"I picked up a mountain of confidence," Wilson, now a junior, says. "It wasn't all peaches and cream but, all in all, it hardened me to the glory and frustrations a quarterback can go through."

There are a number of Cougars who can come out of the backfield on delays, sprintouts and quick pops over the middle, but Wilson's prime receivers are All-Conference Flanker Mike Chronister and Tight End Tod Thompson, who together accounted for 75 receptions, 1,251 yards and 19 touchdowns a year ago. More of the same can be expected if Edwards succeeds in rebuilding his offensive line. Center Tom Miller is the only returning starter up front, and with rivals having to worry little about the run, a big pass-blocking line is a must.

The defensive line was also stripped by graduation. Edwards says he is confident that Wilson will be well protected and that the defense headed by Matt Mendenhall, a 6' 6", 230-pound end, and Linebackers Leroy Millar and Rod Wood again will take the sting out of turnovers.

More worrisome is a schedule that leads off with Oregon State and Arizona State—both beat BYU last year—and includes a Nov. 11 showdown with San Diego State, the newest member of the WAC. The Cougar-Aztec game should decide the conference championship. It's a cinch to fill the sky over Provo with flying footballs.

continued

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1-10	$.19	$.08	$.12	$.05	$.07	$.04	$.45	$1.45
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17-22	27	14	17	10	10	06	.80	1.80
23-30	31	16	20	12	12	08	1.00	2.00
31-40	35	21	22	14	14	09	1.10	2.10
41-55	39	25	25	17	15	10	1.25	2.25
56-70	41	27	26	18	16	11	1.80	2.80
71-124	43	28	27	19	17	12	1.75	2.75
125-196	44	30	28	20	17	12	1.85	2.85
197-292	46	32	29	21	18	13	1.85	2.85
293-430	48	34	31	22	19	14	2.00	3.00
431-925	50	34	32	22	20	14	2.05	3.15
926-1910	52	36	33	24	20	15	2.15	3.30
1911-3000	54	38	35	25	21	16	2.25	3.55

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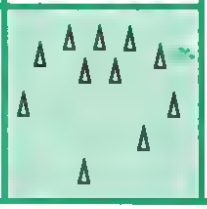
CLEMSON

OFFENSE
I-Formation
Starters returning: 7
Yards gained
Rushing—2,369
Passing—1,706

DEFENSE
Style: 5–2
Starters returning: 6
Yards allowed:
Rushing—2,054
Passing—1,528



Tha first big game for Clamson comes early, against Georgia in the second week of the season. Last year, after switching from a veer to an I offense, tha Tigers won that matchup, 7–6, and went on to post an 8–3–1 record. Coach Cherley Pell says, "Some people probebly took us a little lightly, but not efter that Georgie gema."

Certeinly, no one in Clemson, S.C. seems to be taking this taam lightly after it cama off a dismal 3–6–2 season in 1976 to wind up in the Gator Bowl last season. Recently big orange tiger paws wera painted on all the highways laeding into town.

"Let's be raalistic," seys Pell. "Wa hed an excellent yaar. Wa aarned the right to go to the Gator Bowl. ... Wa are an experienced bowl taam." Now a key to Clemson's prospects, seys Pall, will be the offensive line. "We have made some adjustments, but thare is e lack of depth." Tha Bostic brothars, Center Jeff and All-America Right Guard Joe, end Teckle Stave Kenney are stendouts.

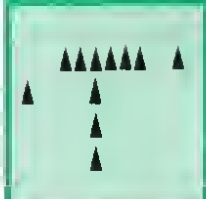
Quarterback Steve Fuller, the ACC Pleyer of the Year, holds Clemson's alltime total-offensa record with 3,932 yards. When Fuller goes to the air, ha will often be eiming for an All-ACC split end, Jarry Butlar.

Three of the six returning defensive starters were also All-ACC: End Jonathan Brooks, Defensive Halfback Stava Ryan and Linebeckar Randy Scott, who apparently is fully recovered from knee surgery.

Tha Tigers egain boast a barrel of speed, but this hectic pace can take its toll on Clamson as well as on opponents; the team must find e cure for tha fourth-querter blahs that mada it tha victim of much late-game scoring. Marylend trailed Clemson 14–7 going into the final quarter but won 21–14. Notra Dema was trailing 17–7 end won 21–17; South Carolina picked up 20 points in the fourth quarter before Fuller connected with Butler to pull out a win with 49 seconds remaining. Still, Pall only needs to davalop e little more staying power and depth in order to go to a bowl for the second straight yaar.

20

IOWA STATE



OFFENSE
I-Formation
Starters returning: 7
Yards gained
Rushing—2,482
Passing—1,329

DEFENSE
Style: 5–2
Starters returning: 7
Yards allowed:
Rushing—1,998
Passing—1,418

After successive 8–3 seasons highlighted by superb defense and back-to-back victories over both Missouri and Nebraska, the Cyclones ara poor no mora. They will compete for the Big Eight title, and they will have candidates for both the Heisman Trophy and the Outland Award. Not bad for a team whose loftiest goal used to be a .500 season.

However, Coach Earle Bruca will not again be able to parlay a rugged defense with tha element of surprise: tha former has been diminished by graduetion, the letter by those 16 victories. This saason Bruce will raly more on his offense. That means Dexter Green, the 172-pound tailback who breaks teckles like a 230-pound fullback. Green rushed for 1,240 yards last season, and led the Big Eight in scoring with 15 touchdowns. This year he will shoot for his third streight 1,000-yard season, a career rushing milestone reached by only one other contemporary playar in the Big Eight, Oklahoma Stata's Tarry Millar.

To keep defenses guessing, Bruce is asking sophomore Quarterback Terry Rubly, who led the Big Eight in passing yardege with 1,028 last seeson, to continue putting the ball in the air. Rubly will opereta behind a line everaging 6′ 4″ and 235 pounds. "So tall end big," Bruce boasts, "that any quarterback could have troubla seeing downfield."

Defensively, Iowe Stete hes lost two-fifths of its intarior line, and while three sterters return to the secondary, that unit intercepted only seven of 187 passes thrown against it in 1977. The defansa, however, egein will be wall served by Outland candidate Mike Stensrud, e 6′ 5″, 270-pound teckle who led the Big Eight in sacks, and by veteran Linebacker Tom Boskey, a sure tackler.

If the defense develops through the first four games, one of which is the stata civil war with Iowa, the Cyclonas will be reedy for the reel tast. That will come in the first three weeks of October, when they meet Nabraska, Missouri and Oklahoma on successiva Saturdays.

CONTINUED

Florida State Quarterback Wally Woodham was jogging one night last April when an oncoming car suddenly veered straight at him. Woodham escaped with a minor knee injury, but now understands how most Florida State rivals must have felt last year when the surprising Seminoles, after five straight losing seasons, ran over 10 opponents and ran off with the Tangerine Bowl and No. 14 ranking in the nation.

Once again Woodham will alternate calling signals with Jimmy Jordan. Last year they passed for 2,409 yards and 18 touchdowns. But in losing Receivers Mike Shumann and Roger Overby and Fullback Larry Key, the Seminoles also lose 2,700 yards of their offense. Moreover, as Coach Bobby Bowden says, "We have gone from being the hunter to the hunted."

So, too, has Colgate (10–1), the national leader in total offense last year and a Cinderella 10–0 until beaten by Delaware in the last week of the season. End Dick Slenker is the Red Raiders' only returnee on offense.

The Florida State of 1978 might be East Carolina. In an 8–3 season, the 36 Pirate touchdowns were scored on plays that covered an average of 25 yards, and the explosive backfield of Theodore Sutton, Leander Green and Eddie Hicks is intact. "We're looking seriously toward a bowl bid," says Coach Pat Dye.

Last year South Carolina outrushed, outpassed and outpunted its 12 opponents—and outscored them, too, though only by 215–202—and lost seven games, which illustrates what Woody Hayes says about statistics, "They don't mean much for the guy who drowns in two feet of water." Backs Spencer Clark, Steve Dorsey, George Rogers and Johnnie Wright will push hard to surpass the 2,189 yards they piled up, and Coach Jim Carlen will be looking for the little bit of luck that eluded him in '77.

The same can be said for Tulane (3–8), which three times last season lost games it could have won—because of a fumble (Stanford), an interception that was run back 100 yards (SMU) and a 60-yard punt return (LSU). Eighteen Tulane starters return, including Quarterback Roch Hontas, the nation's most accurate passer (63%). For a postseason bid to be a possibility, however, the defense, which allowed a whopping 5.7 yards a carry, must get stingier.

At Georgia Tech, Coach Pepper Rodgers has souped up the offense by unloading his wishbone and installing an I formation. Eddie Lee Ivery and Rodney Lee are superb at running back, and if Ted Peeples or Gary Hardie completes half of the numerous passes he will throw, Tech opponents are in for trouble.

Memphis State is loaded, but the schedule is tough. Quarterback Lloyd Patterson already holds virtually all the Tiger passing records, and Split End Ernest Gray set an NCAA record last year for yards per catch (29.5). Unfortunately, the heaviest part of the schedule—Mississippi, Houston, Mississippi State and Texas A&M—is right at the top.

North Texas State (10–1) landed a prize freshman in Running Back Milton Collins, and has put Texas and Oklahoma State back on the schedule—further evidence that Coach Hayden Fry expects to have a juggernaut in Denton. The Mean Green's main strength will be its defense, especially in Linebacker Burks Washington.

Bill Dooley abandoned the ACC co-champ at North Carolina to coach Virginia Tech, which says two things. One, Dooley wanted an athletic director's post, which Virginia Tech was happy to provide. And, two, as Dooley knows, "The whole state is dedicated to building a winner here." The building now is around 242-pound Fullback Mickey Fitzgerald, known as the Incredible Hulk. But the schedule includes Alabama, Clemson and Kentucky, so success will not arrive overnight.

Villanova, Rutgers and West Virginia must look to individuals for national recognition; there is little likelihood of triumphant seasons. In the Wildcats' case, the player is Running Back Vince Thompson, who blasted for 977 yards last year. Rutgers has senior Glen Kehler, the leading Scarlet Knight runner since his sophomore year. West Virginia's headliner is sophomore Robert Alexander, who, after recovering from a series of injuries last year, led the Mountaineers in rushing the final two games. Boston College's new coach, Ed Chlebek, inherited a seasoned backfield and an all-everything guard in John Schmeding. Chlebek's immediate goal is to promote Eagle aggressiveness. "People who play us this year better bring their helmets," he warns.

INDEPENDENTS

If anybody can challenge Penn State and Pitt in the East, it is Syracuse. The main reason is Quarterback Bill Hurley, a savvy runner who also passes well. Another double threat is Art Monk, a 566-yard rusher who also hauled in 41 passes. And Coach Frank Maloney has called Tackle Craig Wolfley the best offensive lineman he has ever had. But the Orangemen face a schedule that lists five 1977 bowl winners.

Against Top 20 teams, Army, Navy and the Air Force endured some humiliating defeats. The Air Force has a new coach in Bill Parcells and one of the country's leading passers in Dave Ziebart, but the defense is spotty. Army has Clennie Brundidge, a star at tight end, but with Quarterback Leamon Hall commissioned, who will get the ball to him? Navy's defense is young and promising. That and the passing of Bob Leszczynski to Phil McConkey and Larry Klawinski's rushing give the Midshipmen the edge among the services.

Year after year Miami (Fla.) has faced the toughest schedule in college ball, but Alabama, Penn State and Ohio State are off it now, the freshmen are said to be the best in Miami history, and even Coach Lou Saban, not normally an optimist, is saying that good things will happen in time. Improvement is all but certain in a defense that has a recognized star in Tackle Don Smith and a potential superstar in freshman Lester Williams, a 6′ 5″, 250-pound prep school All-America. If a couple of freshmen fit right in on offense, the time could be sooner than Saban anticipates.

CONTINUED

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CONFERENCES

ATLANTIC COAST

Once the least distinguished of the nation's major football conferences, the ACC now commands attention, four of its teams having gone to bowl games last season. The conference also is home to some of the country's best running backs. Moreover, there should be a season-long dogfight for the conference title.

The leading contenders are Clemson and North Carolina, but North Carolina State will be in the thick of things. The Wolfpack attack features Ted Brown, the NCAA's current career rushing and scoring leader. A 5′ 10″, 188-pound senior with a slashing running style, Brown has had 3,252 yards, 246 points and 18 100-yard games. His running partner is Fullback Billy Ray Vickers, who gained 726 yards last season. The line is big and experienced. Coach Bo Rein would be more optimistic if Quarterback Scott Smith were equally experienced; Smith has played less than one quarter.

Maryland, another team with a quarterback gap, suffered an unexpected misfortune in August when George Scott, the Terps' leading ground-gainer, was lost for the season because of leg surgery. Still, Steve Atkins and Preacher Maddox are capable running backs. At quarterback, Coach Jerry Claiborne must decide between Tim O'Hare, a fifth-year non-letterman, and 6′ 7″ sophomore Mike Tice, who once told a *Washington Post* reporter, "When I say my prayers before I go to bed at night, I say, 'God, please let me start for Maryland in 1978, 1979 and 1980.' I mention the years so I won't have to redshirt."

Thin defenses will prevent Duke and Wake Forest from being contenders. The absence of an offense will do in Virginia, a team that scored only six touchdowns last season.

SOUTHWEST

Arkansas, Texas and Texas A&M are such heavy favorites it hardly seems worth mentioning that there are six other schools in the race. But there are and one only has to look back 12 months to when Texas was written off as an also-ran to see the danger of predicting anything in this conference.

Baylor had a disappointing 5–6 season largely because of injuries that forced Coach Grant Teaff to start three different quarterbacks. Whoever the quarterback is this season, he'll have a strong offensive line to work behind and All-America candidate Ron Lee at tight end to throw to. In all, nine starters return from the offense, and seven more—including linebackers Jerry Harrison and Mike Singletary and 6′ 4″ Nose Guard Gary Don Johnson—are back from the defense. The Bears look like a 7–4 team.

Houston tied for the conference championship in its first SWC season in 1976. But last year was a 6–5 bummer. Now the Cougars may be ready to pounce again. Linebacker David Hodge, who dropped out of school last season, is back and healthy, as is Quarterback Danny Davis. Davis is a dazzling ball-handler, and it would be nice if he had someone to hand off to. The rest of the Cougars' starting backfield has graduated.

Quarterback Randy Hertel is among 17 returning starters at Rice. He won the conference passing championship with 14.2 completions per game as a freshman in 1977, and with excellent wide receivers such as Doug Cunningham and David Houser, he should do it again. The Owls are likely to give new Head Coach Ray Alborn a more pleasant baptism than the 1–10 sendoff Homer Rice got before leaving for an assistant's job with the Cincinnati Bengals.

Another team with a hot sophomore quarterback is SMU, where Mike Ford passed for 2,064 yards in 301 attempts in '77. His favorite target was Emanuel Tolbert, the No. 2 receiver in the nation last year—and he's still around.

TCU looks fairly pathetic, but fairly pathetic is a pretty good season for the Horned Frogs these days. They were 2–9 in '77, and should be 4–7 this year. Steve Bayuk is a gifted quarterback, but he needs more protection than he is getting.

Texas Tech lost its bright young coach, Steve Sloan, and many of its best players after last year's 7–4 season. The Red Raiders aren't experienced, aren't deep, and aren't going to win many games.

BIG TEN

In each of the last 10 years the Big Ten title has gone to Michigan or Ohio State (or both). Michigan State, however, finished only half a game behind the Big Two in the conference standings last season, and with its NCAA probation due to end in time to permit a Rose Bowl trip, the Spartans have extra incentive for mounting a challenge.

The Spartans' success is likely to hinge on Quarterback Ed Smith's passing. In two previous seasons at East Lansing, he has thrown for 3,480 yards and 23 touchdowns. Split End Kirk Gibson and Tight End Mark Brammer, who combined for 49 receptions, 916 yards and seven touchdowns a year ago, head the receiver corps, along with Flanker Eugene Byrd, returning after a shoulder injury. Leroy McGee, who gained 720 yards in '77, is Coach Darryl Rogers' best runner. Apart from Linebacker Dan Bass, who accounted for 134 tackles, and a secondary headed by safety Tom Graves, the defensive unit is woefully short on experience. It also has little time to mature. By the end of the season's fifth weekend the Spartans will have played USC, Notre Dame and Michigan.

At Indiana, where Coach Lee Corso says his team is getting better, Quarterback Scott Arnett is a threat to run or pass. His effectiveness could be greater because of the recovery from injury of Tailback Mike Harkrader, who in 1976 became the only freshman in Big Ten history to gain more than 1,000 yards.

The Big Ten's best passer is 19-year-old Mark Herrmann of Purdue, and he may be the best in the nation. Herrmann was second in NCAA rankings a year ago as a freshman when he threw for 2,453 yards, 18 touchdowns and a 55% completion rate. If he cuts down on his 27 interceptions, Coach Jim Young's team will resume its traditional role as "Spoilermakers."

Fresh from a bowl appearance (Hall of Fame) that was its first since 1962,

continued

Minnesota now must rebuild its offensive line or even yeoman Fullback Kent Kitzman won't be getting much yardage. Kitzman set NCAA and Big Ten records for most carries and yardage last season when he ran 57 times—13 times in succession in one span—and picked up 266 yards against Illinois. Paul Rogind is an accomplished field-goal kicker.

The bottom half of the Little Eight is, as usual, up against it. Some questions: What does Iowa Coach Bob Commings say to his quarterback when he blows a play? His quarterback is his son, Bobby. How many scoreless ties would it take to make a smashing season for good-field, no-hit Wisconsin? Can either team win the Illinois-Northwestern season opener?

PACIFIC TEN

Now that Arizona and Arizona State have turned their backs on the WAC and the Fiesta Bowl and joined up with the coastal states to form the Pac 10, the first clue as to the possibility of a Rose Bowl host from Cactusland comes on Oct. 14, when USC plays State at Tempe. By then the Sun Devils could be 5–0, thanks to an early schedule that is far from frightening. And Coach Frank Kush's players are rough and ready, notably Defensive End Al Harris and Tailback Arthur (Turtle) Lane. Arizona State has another schedule advantage: it doesn't have to play UCLA this season.

Downstate in Tucson, the other new member of the conference does meet UCLA, but not USC. Second-year Coach Tony Mason admits that his squad enters the conference "without the depth and skill people to be able to compete right away."

California, with a highly respected defense and a new coach, is the conference dark horse. Coach Mike White was fired last year after a 7–4 season and the new boss is Roger Theder, one of White's assistants. He is high on his defensive line, led by End Ralph DeLoach, a hero in last year's upset of USC, and sophomore Tackle Pat Graham.

With the departure of three offensive stars—Quarterback Guy Benjamin, Wide Receiver James Lofton and Tackle Gordon King—Stanford is going to have to depend much more on its defense this year. The Cardinals will use a 3–4 lineup to take advantage of a wealth of linebackers. The standout is Gordy Ceresino, who set a Cardinal record last season with 174 tackles.

Washington State has done its annual coaching switch. This year's head man is Jim Walden, the fourth in four years. Walden had been backfield coach last season under Warren Powers. At least Quarterback Jack Thompson is back for his senior season. Thompson was the first junior in league annals to throw for more than 5,000 career yards and is within sight of several NCAA and Pac 10 passing and total offense records. However, the Cougars are not within sight of the Rose Bowl. Nor are the two Oregon schools, neither of which has been to Pasadena in years. Oregon's Ducks have their leading receiver, Ken Page (40 catches), plus Jeff Wood and Vince Williams, two good fullbacks. Oregon State Coach Craig Fertig has a fine running back in James Fields (740 yards last year) and a quality linebacker in Kent Peyton, but with Washington, USC and UCLA all on the Beavers' schedule, a winning season is unlikely.

WESTERN ATHLETIC

With Arizona State and Arizona departing to what is now the Pacific Ten, San Diego State has joined the WAC. Quite possibly the Aztecs are going to make their new rivals wish the league boundaries had remained inland.

San Diego State has a 20–2 record over the past two seasons and has an even longer tradition of winning with a big-play passing offense. How big this year's plays will be depends upon how fast Coach Claude Gilbert's young quarterbacks catch on. Sophomore Mark Halda is returning from shoulder surgery, and Chris Schaefer needs seasoning.

Fresh from a 9–2–1 season that was its best in 30 years, Colorado State counts on the Jones boys, brothers Larry (running back) and Norris (flanker) to keep it moving, and Defensive Tackle Mike Bell to keep the opposition checked.

At Utah, 5′ 9″ Randy Gomez is the man being counted on to improve a 3–8 record. The Ute quarterback ranked 10th on the NCAA passing charts last year, when he threw for 2,126 yards and 12 touchdowns.

Wyoming will continue to get effective work from Myron Hardeman, a running back who set the school's single-season record of 1,165 yards as a junior in 1977. Coach Bill Lewis also has laced a squad of 34 returning lettermen with 23 redshirts and 12 transfers.

There are 44 lettermen back at New Mexico, including Running Back Mike Williams and Quarterback Noel Mazzone, who are both returning from surgery. Williams earned All-WAC honors when he rushed for 1,096 yards in 10 games before being sidelined by a knee injury, while Mazzone, who has 3,703 yards total offense in three seasons, underwent a shoulder operation.

Texas-El Paso, 3–31 over the past three seasons, may have to endure the cellar until the WAC's next westward move in 1979, when Hawaii is scheduled to join the conference.

BIG EIGHT

If on-field performance matches what lately has passed for off-field ethics in the Big Eight, fans will be better off watching a mugging. For a while it looked as if the conference had redshirted morality. Oklahoma State was accused by one of its own alumni of having a slush fund; two of its players pleaded guilty to burglary charges; and it got two years' NCAA probation for recruiting violations. Kansas State has been put on indefinite probation by the conference for exceeding scholarship limitations by 20, among other sins. And at Oklahoma, strife was rife among the coaches.

In any case, the Big Eight season appears to be evenly split between title contenders (Oklahoma, Nebraska, Iowa State and Colorado) and also-rans (Missouri, Kansas, Kansas State and Oklahoma State).

Among the little four, only Missouri has spoiler potential, but Warren Powers, who paid Washington State $55,000 to break his contract so that he could succeed Al Onofrio as the Tigers' head coach, has little chance of getting a quick return on his investment. Missouri leads off with Notre Dame and Alabama before opening its conference schedule at Oklahoma. Flanker Leo Lewis and Tight End Kellen Winslow are two of the best receivers in the league, but Powers has no experienced quarterback to get the ball to them.

At Kansas, where Coach Bud Moore

has scrapped the wishbone and added the former KU and pro quarterback John Hadl to his staff, more passing is more than likely even though the team is not particularly well stocked with receivers. Moore's big concern is defense, an area in which the Jayhawks ranked dead last in the Big Eight last season.

In the battle to avoid the cellar, Kansas State should end a streak by beating Oklahoma State in the "Probation Bowl" on Oct. 7. That would be the Wildcats' first conference victory since 1974.

SOUTHEASTERN

Ole Miss hasn't won more than six games in any season since 1971 and has been without a standout quarterback since Archie Manning in 1970. The Rebels are still without a Manning throw-alike, but Steve Sloan, the man who got bowl bids after taking over doormats at Vanderbilt and Texas Tech, has arrived as coach. Sloan inherits a team that finished eighth in the SEC. But the defense was third in the conference and a junior punter, Jim Miller, was No. 1 in the nation with a 45.9-yard average. With Sloan and luck Ole Miss just might play in a bowl.

Kentucky was a rousing 10–1 in '77, but All-SEC Quarterback Derrick Ramsey and All-America Defensive Tackle Art Still are gone. Ramsey's successor, Mike Deaton, throws more, runs less, and Still's replacement, Bud Diehl, is virtually untested. But elsewhere there are a good many veterans of the squad that held rivals to an average of 10.1 points a game, which is fortunate; come October, Kentucky plays Penn State, Ole Miss and LSU in successive weeks.

However, the Wildcats do not play Auburn, which finished in a tie for third in the conference in 1977 and has 16 starters back. Still, the War Eagles have some mending to do in a defense that gave up an average of 21.2 points a game. It doesn't hurt that Auburn has a quality kicker in Jorge Portela.

Having tumbled from first to sixth in just one year, Georgia Coach Vince Dooley is going back to the I formation which the Bulldogs had forsaken for a veer. Tennessee, 4–7 in 1977, may even up its record if Quarterback Jimmy Streater gets a little help. He passed for 1,139 yards and 12 TDs in '77.

Florida and Mississippi State start all over again in 1978, the Gators because they lost so much talent, the Bulldogs because they have had to forfeit 19 games over the past three seasons for using an ineligible player. After two straight 2–9 seasons, Vanderbilt faces another such year.

IVY LEAGUE

In essence, Yale won last year's championship on the first weekend of the season when, in the final minute of play, the Elis mounted a dramatic goal line stand to beat Brown 10–9. This time around, the Bruins should have too much firepower. Quarterback Mark Whipple can throw either short or long and he will again have his favorite receiver, Mark Farnham, who burned Yale with a 52-yard touchdown catch. The Bulldogs no longer have 1,000-yard rusher John Pagliaro to depend on, and for the third straight year they will be breaking in a new quarterback. This one's name, at least, has the authentic sound of greatness: Pat O'Brien.

Penn once again will have the winning end of the wishbone, which it used to beat Princeton 21–10 last year without benefit of a single forward pass. The offense was so effective in its first Penn season that Fullback Denis Grosvenor gained 743 yards—four more than the entire Quaker team managed in '76.

After several frustrating years at Princeton, Bob Casciola was fired just when the Tigers seemed to be regaining their stripes. Fourteen returning starters should make Casciola's replacement, Frank Navarro, look like an improvement. Harvard, which suffered its first losing season (4–5) in seven years under Joe Restic, has seven home games and high hopes for sophomore Running Back Paul Connors.

Columbia no longer looks like a 150-pound football team: note Tackles Joe Wagner (276 pounds) and Sean Cannon (220), Guard Rich Splain (226) and Center Mark Walsh (219) on the offensive line. Dartmouth's Big Green has only five starters back from a team that lost three Ivy games by a total of 13 points. Coach Bob Blackman's return to the Ivy at Cornell—after six years at Illinois—netted only one victory last season. A good recruiting year promises some improvement, but not all that much.

SOUTHLAND

Louisiana Tech is favored to repeat as conference champion because of the strong right arm of Keith Thibodeaux, who passed for 2,384 yards and nine touchdowns and ranked seventh nationally in total offense last season while leading the Bulldogs to a 9–1–2 record. But if Tech lives by the pass, it could die by it. Coach Maxie Lambright needs quick maturity from a rebuilt secondary if the Bulldogs expect to hold off Arkansas State, another aerial strike force. Dikki Dyson, a 195-pound end with fluid moves and 4.6 speed, is a longshot for selection as an All-America but a good bet to go high in the NFL draft. Kennon Taylor, Dyson's battery mate, passed for 1,404 yards and five touchdowns last year.

Texas-Arlington has 36 lettermen back but unfortunately not top rusher Derrick Jensen. Southwestern Louisiana is looking to sophomore David Guidry, who throws javelins in addition to footballs, to be more than a spear carrier. If the offense gets stalled, John Roveto steps in. Roveto kicked 19 field goals for the Ragin' Cajuns last season.

After a conference title and bowl appearance in 1976, McNeese State fell to a 5–5–1 record, but Coach Jack Doland has 34 lettermen to rebuild with, including an adept cornerback named Charles Jefferson. Lamar, with its strong defense but weak offense, appears destined to finish 2–9 for the third straight year.

MISSOURI VALLEY

Winning last year's conference title was a dubious achievement for West Texas State, the only Valley team with a record of .500 or better (6–4–1). Outside the league, Valley teams were a pathetic 9–29–1, and at one point the Buffaloes themselves were 0–4. They are favorites once again, thanks to Bo Robinson, the senior fullback who gained 1,399 yards and averaged seven yards a carry. He will team with Wingback Robert Mayberry, who led the Valley in rushing two years ago, and with a pair of part-time tailbacks, Kenny Davis and David Johnson, who combined for 852 yards in '77.

Wichita State has improved its record in each of Coach Jim Wright's four seasons. The fact that the Shockers were only 5–6 last year gives you an idea of how far they've had to come. Seven home

continued

games, plus the passing of Jim Andrus and the receiving of Bryan Hanning (50 catches for 767 yards), should keep them on the upslope.

After taking four straight conference titles, Tulsa slipped to fourth in '77. However, at midseason the Hurricanes unveiled a home run threat in Rickey Watts, who caught 40 passes for 639 yards. The Tulsa defense, which surrendered an eye-popping 53 touchdowns, just *has* to be better.

If the timid Bulldog offense doesn't acquire some bite, Drake's busiest player may again be Herc Payton, the 200-pound linebacker who as a freshman led the team in tackles with 139. Southern Illinois, which scored two TDs in a game only twice last year, has 18 veteran starters. This could be a plus or a minus, depending on how you look at it.

New Mexico State has a new coach in Gil Krueger, formerly of Northern Michigan, a new stadium—and little chance of making it all click right out of the box. Indiana State also has a new coach, Dick Jamieson, a backup quarterback behind Johnny Unitas and George Blanda during his playing days.

MID-AMERICAN

The kind of big game that usually is not forthcoming until late November may determine the Mid-American championship this Saturday, the first full-scale weekend of the season. That's when Ball State, a team with a .788 record over the last three years, meets Miami of Ohio. Miami, which has won the MAC title four times in the last five years, is well armed. Nine starters return to the offense, including Quarterback Larry Fortner, a 6′ 4″, 215-pound senior who established three Redskin passing records last year with 109 completions for 1,473 yards and 15 touchdowns. More impressive, he was intercepted only four times in 186 attempts. New Coach Tom Reed, a former defensive aide at Michigan, should be just the man to solidify a graduation-depleted defense.

Ball State also has a new coach in 34-year-old Dwight Wallace—and one of the best pitcher-catcher combos in the MAC. Junior Quarterback Dave Wilson completed 115 passes for 1,589 yards and 17 touchdowns a year ago, and he scored nine more TDs rushing. His favorite receiver is Rick Morrison, son of the former New York Giant, Joe Morrison. Morrison the younger ranked fifth in the nation last season with 59 catches for 908 yards and eight touchdowns.

Western Michigan, which suffered six losses by a total of 29 points and had an injury toll that included 22 surgical cases, should be the conference sleeper. In Tailback Jerome Persell, a second-team All-America, the Broncos have the best running back in the league. In two seasons the 5′ 9″, 182-pound senior has rushed for 2,844 yards and 33 touchdowns.

Central Michigan, which ranked fourth on the NCAA total-defense charts in 1977, also will qualify as a MAC contender if Coach Herb Deromedi can remold an offense depleted by graduation.

PACIFIC COAST A.A.

Cal State-Long Beach moved its home games to Orange County's Anaheim Stadium last season and was pleased enough with attendance to return this year. The 49ers' 4–6 record wasn't quite so pleasing. Coach Dave Currey should improve that—maybe all the way up to championship contention—with judicious use of 16 returning starters, led by either senior Quarterback Jim Freitas, sixth in the nation in passing, or junior Quarterback Paul McGaffigan, who started the final two games after Freitas was injured.

Fresno State comes off a 9–2 championship year with plenty left, but Coach Jim Sweeney has joined the Oakland Raider staff, and the PCAA's offensive player of 1977, Quarterback Dean Jones, is now on the Raiders' injured reserve list. Bob Padilla, former Bulldog player and assistant coach, has taken over for Sweeney.

Injuries shackled San Jose State in '77, but the Spartans should be a contender this time, thanks to Kevin Cole, one of the nation's leading all-purpose ballcarriers with 755 yards running and 179 in pass receptions, and All-Coast Linebacker Frank Manumaleuna.

Utah State, the only non-California school in the conference, will be playing its first PCAA season. The Aggies' chief attraction is Jimmy Bryant, third-best punt returner in the nation with a 12.6 average in '77. Coach Bruce Snyder has depth at the skill positions, but not a lot of strength in the trenches. The University of the Pacific, on the other hand, has an impressive crop of linemen. The Tigers were 2–9 two years ago, then 6–5 last year, but it might not be easy for Coach Chester Caddas to continue the positive trend now that league-leading rusher Bruce Gibson is gone.

SOUTHERN

In a conference dominated by youth, no team has more underclass talent than defending champion Chattanooga. Last season Tony Ball, then a freshman walk-on, became the nation's No. 1 kickoff returner by averaging 36.4 yards a whack. When he stopped running, Mike Smith and Gwain Durden took over and each carried for more than 1,000 yards. Now they are sophomores, too. There also is depth in the defensive front line, and four starters return in the secondary.

That may be enough to uproot co-title holder VMI as the conference's defensive leader. In 1977 the Keydets allowed opponents only 2.7 yards a carry but much of that defense is gone as is three-quarters of the offensive backfield. The quarter that remains is Quarterback Robby Clark, who completed 54 of 105 pass attempts for 867 yards in '77.

Western Carolina (2–2–1 in the conference in 1977) should improve this season despite the absence of Darrell Lipford and Wayne Tolleson, who were among the nation's best in rushing and receiving, respectively. Quarterback Mike Pusey returns, as do 10 of 11 starters on a defense that helped the Catamounts win the final five games in 1977. Appalachian won only one conference game last season after being picked as the preseason favorite to win the title. This year the Mountaineers have an easier schedule, but Tackle Gil Beck, who was named the best blocker for the last two years, has graduated.

Since last season Coach Art Baker has moved from Furman to The Citadel, taking over a team that was last in rushing and scoring in 1977. Meanwhile at Furman his former assistant, Dick Sheridan, inherits an experienced squad, including a quarterback, David Henderson, who completed 56.3% of his passes last year.

All was glum at Marshall last year (0–5–0), but its offense is back intact and the Thundering Herd should corral a victory this season.

CONTINUED

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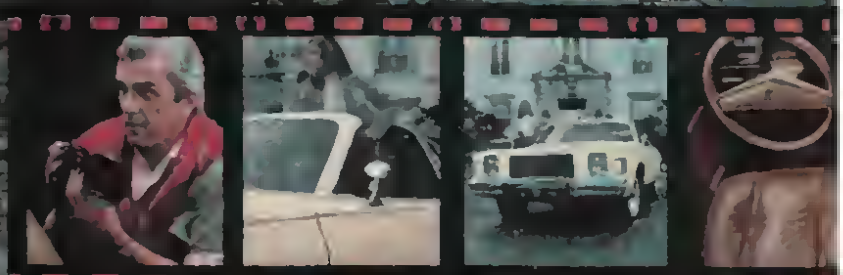

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CHRYSLER

SMALL COLLEGES

A recent SPORTS ILLUSTRATED questionnaire sent to small-college athletic departments asked for a definition of the difference between major-college football and small. Predictably enough, answers referred to the schedules, the number of scholarships, stadium sizes and variations in travel and housing. But Arnie Sgalio, Sports Information Director of Montana State University, perhaps expressed the essence. "You'd better hope that you don't have a home game the same day as hunting season opens," he said, "because even if you are undefeated and have an All-America at quarterback, you will come in second." In other words, in the land of the little college, football is just part of life in the fall.

But now the NCAA seems determined to blur the delineation between big time and small time in college football by creating yet another division. This new group, titled Division I-AA, has been slipped in between the old superpower elite level of Division I (now I-A) and the relatively low-key schools in Divisions II and III. Whether you call the new category semi-big or quasi-small, it has attracted an oddly interesting group of in-between teams.

Seven of them—Idaho and Northwestern (La.) State and five of the seven teams in the Southwestern Athletic Conference (Alcorn State, Grambling, Jackson [Miss.] State, Southern and Texas Southern)—are moving down from the big time, while 30 more are moving up from Division II. Among the latter are such entire conferences as the Yankee, Mid-Eastern, Ohio Valley and Big Sky, plus independents Bucknell, Davidson, Lafayette, Northeastern and Portland State. Also moving up is Lehigh, which won last year's Division II championship with a punishing 33–0 win over Jacksonville (Ala.) State in the Pioneer Bowl. Division I-AA will have its own championship playoffs at the season's end, and—in a bonanza for smaller colleges—three games will be included in ABC's early-season television schedule.

The cream of this new Big Little League may well lie in the tough Southwestern conference, where Jackson State is favored for the title. But that is only because Grambling has been slapped on NCAA probation. Were that not the case, it would be a two-team race, with Grambling's power lying in its defense, led by a pair of devastating senior tackles—Bruce Radford, a 6′ 4″, 263 pounder, and Charles Thompson, a behemoth at 6′ 10″, 290 pounds. Jackson State's long suit is the flashy passing of senior Quarterback Tony Harris. Prairie View A&M, an SAC Division II team, will field one of the nation's meanest and quickest defensive tackles, Richard Bennett, 6′ 4″, 258 pounds, who sprints 40 yards in 4.7 seconds, blazing time for a big man, and has been singled out by pro scouts as one of the top prospects in the country.

In the Big Sky Conference, Division I-AA's other major minor league, defending champion Boise State is considered a thin favorite to repeat. Junior Quarterback Hoskin Hogan, who threw 13 touchdown passes in last year's 9–2 season, will be back. Regarded as a possibility to soar to the top in the Big Sky is Montana State, winner of the 1976 Division II national championship. A standout for the Bobcats is Jon Borchardt, a 6′ 4″, 255-pound tackle who is rated the league's No. 1 offensive lineman, and also has a superstar grade average of 3.38 with a major in microbiology. Northern Arizona University, with a 9–3 record last year (during which it outscored opponents 324–169), will also rank high again. Lumberjack Fullback Carl Golden was the Big Sky's leading rusher last year with 704 yards, an 81.2-yard average per game. Weber State may or may not be better than its 4–6 of 1977, but it will again feature the passing of Quarterback Morris Bledsoe, who led the league with 138 completions in 262 attempts.

Lehigh wound up with a 12–2 record in charging to the 1977 Division II title. The school may be slightly out of its league in the company of Jackson State and the best of the Big Sky crowd, but Coach John Whitehead has 28 lettermen back from his title winner, including the All-America split end, Steve Kreider. Kreider caught 72 passes for 1,567 yards and 19 touchdowns last year. The No. 1 problem for the Engineers will be replacing graduated Quarterback Mike Rieker, who connected for an impressive 31 touchdown passes.

Another powerful independent in I-AA will be Portland State, located in bustling downtown Portland, Ore. The team had a so-so 7–4 record last year but was coming on strong at season's end on the throwing arm of freshman Quarterback Neil Lomax. Lomax stands 6′ 3″, weighs 208 pounds and may well be the best sophomore passer in the nation this year. He certainly will get plenty of opportunity to show his stuff thanks to Portland's run-and-shoot offense. In a near-miraculous performance against Montana State, Lomax completed 41 of 59 passes for six TDs and a school-record 469 yards.

South Carolina State, champion of the Mid-Eastern Athletic Conference in '77, is ready to find out what the top competition in Division I-AA is like by scheduling non-conference games with Alcorn State and Grambling. The Bulldogs have 13 starters returning from a squad that ran up a 9–1–1 record last year, including a 10–7 Gold Bowl win over unbeaten Winston-Salem State. South Carolina State is led by Nate Rivers, a non-passing quarterback who scored 13 touchdowns and had an impressive per-rush average of 8.5 yards.

Winston-Salem of the Central Intercollegiate Athletic Association, remains

THE STAFF

Scouting reports on the Top 20 teams, the conferences, the independents and the small colleges were written by Brooks Clark, Mike DelNagro, Kent Hannon, William Oscar Johnson, Melissa Ludtke Lincoln, Bruce Newman and Ron Reid.

in Division II but the Rams will be missing 10 starters from the team that earned second-year Coach Bill Hayes the National Black College Coach of the Year award. The most critical losses were in the offensive line, but Quarterback Kermit Blount, who led the league in total offense with 1,363 yards, returns, as does Timmy Newsome, who rushed for 908 yards and 14 touchdowns.

Along with Winston-Salem, the cream of Division II could well be the University of California at Davis. The Cal Aggies were nipped 39–30 by Lehigh in last year's semifinal championship game, but 35 of 64 lettermen are returning as the school goes for its eighth straight Far Western Conference title. The offense is led by Quarterback Mike Moroski, 6′ 3″, 200 pounds, who completed 175 passes for 2,215 yards last year. The Aggies' defensive leader is End Casey Merrill, 6′ 4″, 245 pounds, a top pro prospect. Coach Jim Sochor has a 63–17–2 record over eight years, for a .780 percentage, which leads all active Division II coaches. Also in the running as a Division II winner is Clarion State of the Pennsylvania Conference Western Division. After a 9–0–1 season in 1977, Coach Al Jacks has 30 lettermen back and should be strong. So should 9–2–1 North Dakota State with 27 lettermen back, including Receiver-Kicker Mike McTague, Division II's leading scorer with 97 points. Jacksonville State, which has 18 veterans, including passer Bobby Ray Green with a nifty 57.9% completion percentage, could be another contender.

In the doughty and idealistic environment of Division III, where scholarships are awarded only for need, travel to games is done mostly by bus and 190-pound tackles are still in vogue, champion Widener College of Chester, Pa. is a long way from repeating last year's performance. It has lost Fullback Chip Zawoiski. Division III's leading scorer and the ECAC's Player of the Year. Returnees include Quarterback Mark Walter and All-Conference Linebacker Wayne Pierce. The national runner-up, 11–2 Wabash College (850 students), has nine defensive and eight offensive starters returning, but it has lost little All-America Quarterback Dave Harvey. A consistent small-college winner, Wittenberg, of Springfield, Ohio, should be a minipowerhouse again. The school has had 23 consecutive winning seasons, with a cumulative record of 175–33–6. Last year's 9–1 team starred Wittenberg's all-time rushing record holder, 5′ 10″, 170-pound Dave Merritt; he averaged 6.1 yards for 222 carries in 1977, and he is back. St. John's University in Minnesota led Division III in offense last year with a 421-yard-per-game production; graduation made some holes in that attack, but the defense led by 6′ 4″, 220-pound Middle Guard Ernie England is one of the best in Division III football. Central College of Pella, Iowa had a 9–0 record in 1977 and welcomes back 35 lettermen. Much of the power lies in the defense, of which Junior End Earl Hammond, 6′ 4″, 220 pounds, is the swift and slashing leader. Some of the other Division III colleges with potential for walking tall among the smallest are Hampden-Sydney College (Va.), Middlebury College (Vt.), Lawrence University (Wis.) and Carnegie-Mellon University (Pa.).

Some 130 small colleges are dual members of the NCAA and the NAIA and each must declare its postseason playoff preference by Oct. 2. In any event, the top NAIA team is odds-on to emerge from the Lone Star Conference, it has, at least, in eight of the past nine years. Defending NAIA Division I champ Abilene Christian is once again led by Quarterback John Mayes, who completed 114 passes for 2,201 yards and 15 touchdowns. Angelo State (8–2) beat Abilene early last year, before losing games to Texas A&I (the six-time national champ) and Southwest Texas State, and now, with 21 starters back, the Rams seem likely to end up in the NAIA's Champion Bowl on Dec. 16.

In NAIA Division II, two-time defending champion Westminster (Pa.) expects to extend its 20-game win streak, the longest in college football. The defense, which allowed just 138 yards a game last year, still has All-America Tackle Mark Claire. Perennial powers Cal Lutheran and tiny Linfield (Ore.), 8–1 in 1977, might be the spoilers.

Of course, if a team is going to do anything that truly gets attention, it must save it for a Saturday when the hunting season doesn't intrude. first things come first in small-college football. END

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Rollie's rolling again

An old photo helped San Diego's ace reliever snap a slump. Fingers has been picture-perfect since the end of July

On July 20 in St. Louis, Rollie Fingers lost his fourth game in a row. That defeat gave San Diego's star relief pitcher a 4–11 record, and though he had 20 saves, Fingers began to suspect that something was terribly wrong. In three appearances that week, Fingers had faced 16 batters in only 2⅔ innings, giving up five runs on eight hits. But of even greater concern, to both him and the Padres, was his collapsing confidence. "The reason I bring Fingers into a game is my lack of confidence in my other pitcher," says Padre Manager Roger Craig. With their ace short reliever coming up short, the Padres, then in fourth place at 46–50, seemed headed toward their 10th losing season in their 10 years of existence.

That night the team returned to San Diego for what became a most auspicious homecoming. The next day Fingers happened to glance at some photographs on the wall of the trophy room in his home, pictures taken while he was pitching for the A's. He noticed that his pitching hand was breaking out of his glove—coming into view—differently then. Fingers peered closely at the photographs. In his Oakland days, his glove was at his waist at the moment he broke his hands apart. This season, he suddenly realized, his glove was higher, up around his chest. By Fingers' estimate, the change in his delivery had decreased the velocity of his fastball from 95 mph to 85—or just enough for hitters to have time to lean on it.

"It was a habit I must have started in spring training," says Fingers, "but no one had noticed the change."

Fingers has been the premier reliever of the '70s, and one of the big reasons is anatomical. He is 6′ 4″ and 190 pounds, and his long, stringy arm muscles, when fully extended, produce a befuddling array of fastballs, curves and sliders. By parting his hands too high, Fingers says, not only was he greatly reducing the extension of his right arm, but he also was unable to get the full force of his body into his pitches.

For a couple of days, Fingers threw in the bullpen, reworking his windup, and on July 23 he pitched 1⅓ innings. Though the Padres lost the game, Fingers did not yield a run.

That was the start of a scoreless streak that lasted more than a month. In 14 appearances, Fingers gave up only nine hits and struck out 18 in 20⅓ innings. During this span, the Padres had a club-record 10-game winning streak, and Fingers had six saves. The last four were vintage performances: July 30, two perfect innings; July 31, 1⅓ scoreless innings; Aug. 2, two shutout innings; Aug. 4, 1⅓ perfect innings.

Clearly, Fingers had returned to form, and no one was happier than 39-year-old Gaylord Perry, whom San Diego got from Texas in an off-season trade. Although he has pitched only three complete games, Perry has won 15 of 21 decisions. Eight of his victories have been saved by Fingers. "Never in my 16 seasons have I had the good fortune of having a pitcher like Fingers in my bullpen," says Perry. For his part, Fingers says never has he had anyone like the Padres' 23-year-old shortstop, Ozzie Smith, helping him in the field. "One of the keys to my success over the years has been my shortstop," says Fingers, whose low pitches result in lots of ground balls that in Oakland were gobbled up by Bert Campaneris. "And Smith makes plays that Campy could never have made." That's saying something, for a young man with only 68 minor league games behind him when he joined the Padres in March, but then National Leaguers have been raving about Smith's glove work ever since. To hear them tell it, Smith is Honus Wagner incarnate. He also is a superb base stealer—he had 32 at the end of last week—and a .260 hitter.

Defensive support is only one reason for Fingers' success this year and in the past. While most relievers sandwich a bad season or two between their good ones, Fingers has never had a year-long slump. Since becoming a full-time reliever in 1972, he has never had fewer than 18 saves, and that was in 1974—the year he was World Series MVP. His high of 35 came last season, when he was named National League Fireman of the Year. This consistency, as much as Fingers' accomplishments with the A's, was the reason the Padres risked $1.6 million to sign him as a free agent before last season.

Fingers has been able to maintain his strength and sharpness while averaging 64 appearances a season because he is a student of the art of relief pitching. "I learned how to preserve my arm by watching Mudcat Grant in Oakland," he says. "If the pitcher in the game gets out of a jam while I'm warming up, I sit down. If he gets in trouble again, I only soft-toss the ball in the bullpen, knowing that I have eight pitches waiting for me on the mound. A lot of relievers burn themselves out in the bullpen."

With Fingers back in the groove, the Padres, who were 70–67 at the end of last week, should finally finish above .500. And along the way, he may throw enough low stuff to help Perry win 20 games for the first time since 1974, and to give Smith enough chances to show off his glove so that he will clinch Rookie of the Year. Fingers might even set a record in the process. With 30 saves as the

continued

season's final month began, he could break Clay Carroll's record of 37, set in 1972. Fingers had 31 saves at the same point in 1977, but the Padres lost 17 of their last 27 games and he fell short of the record. "If we can win 18 of our last 26 games," says Fingers, "I should be able to do it."

THE WEEK

(Aug 27-Sept 2)

by JIM KAPLAN

NL EAST Despite Pittsburgh's 6–0 week, Philadelphia (5–1) remained in front. For one thing, the Phillies' bats were back. Greg Luzinski went 12 for 27, Jerry Martin 7 for 19, Garry Maddox 6 for 18 and Bake McBride 7 for 19. In fact, Manager Danny Ozark was hard-pressed to give each of the four outfielders enough playing time. Said Martin of Ozark's attempts to shuffle his outfielders, "It's like those God-awful equations in college algebra." Then there were the inevitable Phillie phlourishes. Jim Kaat got his 260th career win with help—of a sort—from Reliever Ron Reed. Ozark brought in Reed with two men on to get the final two outs. Dave Winfield promptly clouted a Reed pitch 420 feet to dead center, where Martin caught the ball with his back to the wall. "Great managing," said Ozark. And Catcher Barry Foote, hitting .196, homered to beat the Giants 4–3. "Please," said Ozark, "don't ever ask me to explain the game of baseball."

Montreal lost five of eight and two starting pitchers. Both Steve Rogers (13–10) and Hal Dues (5–6) need elbow surgery. The week wasn't a total loss because the Expos executed a hit-and-run with a man on *third*. With Chris Speier charging in, Dave Cash swung at a 2 and 1 pitch. He rifled it past Giant Third Baseman Darrell Evans and the run scored.

Chicago, New York and St. Louis, each 2–4, also had bright spots. The Cubs scored in every inning to beat Houston 14–11, as Bill Buckner had three hits and four RBIs. Lee Mazzilli's four hits helped the Mets beat San Francisco 10–4. And Bob Forsch of the Cardinals ended a nine-game losing streak with a 4–2 win over Houston. Thanks to some timely advice from his brother Ken, a pitcher for the Astros, Forsch avoided breaking the Cardinal record for consecutive losses. Bob Forsch said, "I taught Ken some things about throwing the curveball a few years ago, and we went out for dinner. He gave me a refresher course."

PHIL 72–60 PITT 69–64 CHI 67–66
MONT 63–73 ST. L 58–77 NY 54–81

NL WEST It was an unprecedented week in Cincinnati (3–3): Pete Rose was benched, Sparky Anderson was criticized by one of his players and a game at Riverfront Stadium was rained out. In typical double-speak, Anderson referred to Rose's benching as a "rest." In fact, Rose was set down for two games after going 6 for 42. And as the Reds fell seven games out of first, Anderson was put down by Johnny Bench, who told the *Dayton Daily News* that the skipper was "intimidated ... withdrawn from it all ... too low-key ... too nice, perhaps in awe of us. It's time many of us got a good chewing." And the Reds, who ordinarily hold down their fans for hours waiting for the artificial turf to dry instead of calling home games, finally relented after rain delays totaling three hours and 31 minutes and canceled a game with Pittsburgh. It was the first loss of a date in Riverfront Stadium's eight-year history.

His recent skirmishes with Don Sutton aside, Steve Garvey is still king in Los Angeles (5–2). Garvey singled home the winning run against Montreal, scored it against New York, hit a sacrifice fly to beat the Mets and was given two standing ovations by a routine crowd of 49,818 at Dodger Stadium. San Francisco lost ground to the Dodgers by dividing two-game series with Montreal, New York and Philadelphia. Vida Blue failed for the fifth time to win his 17th game, but the Giants went ahead and signed him to a six-year contract anyway.

San Diego (2–5) relinquished any claim to a shot at the divisional title by ending a 3–7 home stand, its worst of the year. Manager Roger Craig fined Jerry Turner for getting picked off first and Oscar Gamble for suiting up late. The good news was home attendance—a record 1,459,848 after 68 dates—and Dave Winfield's avoiding his annual late-season swoon by going 11 for 27 with five RBIs.

Houston (2–3) was bitter and Atlanta (3–4) was dazed. After his teammates made two errors on one play, Astro Pitcher Mark Lemongello flipped his glove in the air, tripped going into the dugout, bruising a leg, and limped back and forth waving his arms in disgust. He cooled off when the Astros took him off the hook by scoring seven ninth-inning runs to beat the Cubs 8–5. When the Braves lost their seventh straight, 14–3 to St. Louis, long-suffering Pitcher Phil Niekro—15 seasons with the club—said, "Year after year I keep thinking things are going to break for us. But when I walk back from the dugout to the clubhouse after a game, I still see the same look on the ballplayers' faces. Everyone's in a daze, looking for the same answer. I know that we are not a last-place team."

LA 81–55 SF 78–57 CIN 74–61
SD 70–67 HOUS 63–71 ATL 59–76

continued

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AL EAST Two kids fresh off the farm helped give Baltimore a 7–2 week. Sammy Stewart, 23, set a major league record for a pitcher making his first big league start by fanning seven White Sox in a row in a 9–3 win. The Orioles promptly took Jim Palmer's name off his locker and posted it above Stewart's cubicle. "Just a locker-room joke," explained Stewart. Then Dave Ford, 21, beat Chicago 1–0 with relief help from Tippy Martinez.

Nonetheless, Manager Earl Weaver wasn't thinking pennant. Instead he suggested that New York's four-week-old newspaper strike was helping the Yankees' chances. "Probably the same words are being said and the same things are being done," Weaver said, "but people aren't reading about it, and the Yankees aren't either." Indeed, they looked star-touched. Ron Guidry won his 19th game, even though Ken Singleton's bat slipped out of his hands and struck Guidry on the ankle. The X rays were negative. And Paul Blair's 19th hit of the season, a 400-foot single, gave him his 13th RBI, it beat the Angels 4–3 in 11 innings.

Boston (4–3) fans and writers, often indistinguishable, were panicking. "I'm worried," wrote Leigh Montville in *The Boston Globe*. The Red Sox did have injuries—Dwight Evans was beaned and Bill Campbell, Mike Torrez, Carl Yastrzemski and Jerry Remy had sore arms—but the worrying seemed premature. Butch Hobson, nursing five injuries, was the hero of two games, and George Scott came out of a protracted slump to hit a grand slam in another.

The Red Sox had another reason to celebrate. Dennis Eckersley had won his 16th game and ninth straight at Fenway the same day runner Dave McGillivray arrived in the Boston area after a 3,452-mile transcontinental run. Proceeds from both the game and the run went to the Jimmy Fund for children's cancer research.

It was party time in Detroit (3–3), where the 1968 World Series champions had a reunion. Pitcher John Hiller, one of the four remaining active players from that team, got little sleep but pitched 2⅔ innings of relief the day after the reunion to save a 4–2 win over the Brewers. Of the old champions, Hiller said, "Five or six of the guys will probably try out for pitcher now that they've seen what I get away with." Other causes for celebration were Jack Billingham's 15th win and a $110,000 contract for 1979, and Ron LeFlore's hitting streak, which reached 23 games. It was easy to overlook the Tigers' fall to fifth.

Toronto's (2–5) Bob Bailor struck out for only the 18th time in 545 at-bats to lead the league in that category. For Milwaukee (4–3), pitching was everything; the staff gave up just seven runs in the wins and 21 in the defeats. The Brewers set a team record, with their 77th victory. Cleveland (2–4) was shut out three times in a row.

BOS 84–50 NY 78–55 MIL 77–58 BALT 76–60 DET 74–60 CLEV 58–76 TOR 55–82

AL WEST Disabled since July 30 with a hairline fracture of his left wrist, Ron Jackson of California (2–3) returned in style. He socked a two-run homer to tie Toronto 3–3 and then knotted the game again at 4–4 with a two-out single in the eighth, before the Angels finally won 6–4. California thereby moved to within one game of Kansas City, and Jackson crowed, "Papa Jack is back."

The Royals (4–2) were desperate. Manager Whitey Herzog added sore-armed Steve Busby to the staff, admitting, "We're shooting dice with him." Centerfielder Amos Otis gambled on Kurt Bevacqua of the Rangers.

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After diving and trapping Bevacqua's single, Otis lay on the ground and lured Bevacqua into trying for second. Whereupon Otis sprang to his feet and threw him out. "We deked Dirty Kurt," said Otis. Herzog also pulled off a neat trick by berating his players for not stealing more. Hal McRae, Al Cowens and Otis responded by swiping a base apiece off Texas' Jim Sundberg, the league's best defensive catcher.

Undaunted, Texas (2–3) Manager Billy Hunter claimed, "Kansas City is worried about us. We're the team they fear." Showing nothing but mouth, the Rangers lost their seventh game in 11 meetings with lowly Toronto.

It was an equally tough week for Enrique Romo of Seattle (1–4). He blew chances to get his 11th save and 11th win, thanks in part to errors by First Baseman Danny Meyer. Then Romo was welcomed to New York by several toughs, who punched him and sprayed him with Mace.

The A's (2–3) were battling among themselves, just as the Oakland clubs of yore did. Manager Jack McKeon addressed the team and spoke of a growing cancer on the club. Feeling McKeon's words were meant for him, Pitcher Bob Lacey accused the manager of keeping him in a game when he was plainly off form. "Jack left me in to get roasted," Lacey claimed. "He's got a personal thing against me because of all the things I've said against him." Several players said Reliever Elias Sosa was protecting his tired arm in order to preserve his statistics (8–2, 2.60 ERA) for free-agent bargaining. Sosa himself said he had been waiting at the phone all week hoping owner Charlie Finley would sell him to a contender. "I am going on the free-agent market," he admitted. In addition to bickering, the A's showed traces of their old championship form, beating Boston twice at Fenway.

The White Sox (2–6) couldn't win for winning. Owner Bill Veeck pitched Chicago suburbanite Ross Baumgarten on a Sunday to beef up attendance. Baumgarten shut out Cleveland 6–0—but only 13,008 fans watched him. Minnesota won three of five, with part-time players Glenn Adams, who had a homer and a key single, and Rich Chiles, who clouted a home run, getting the big hits in the victories.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

DARRELL PORTER: The Kansas City catcher was 9 for 21, with four homers, seven runs and nine runs batted in. In a 12–0 victory over the White Sox, Porter went 4 for 4, homered, scored twice and drove in four runs.

KC 72–61 CAL 72–63 TEX 66–66 OAK 64–72
MINN 59–75 CHI 56–79 SEA 50–83

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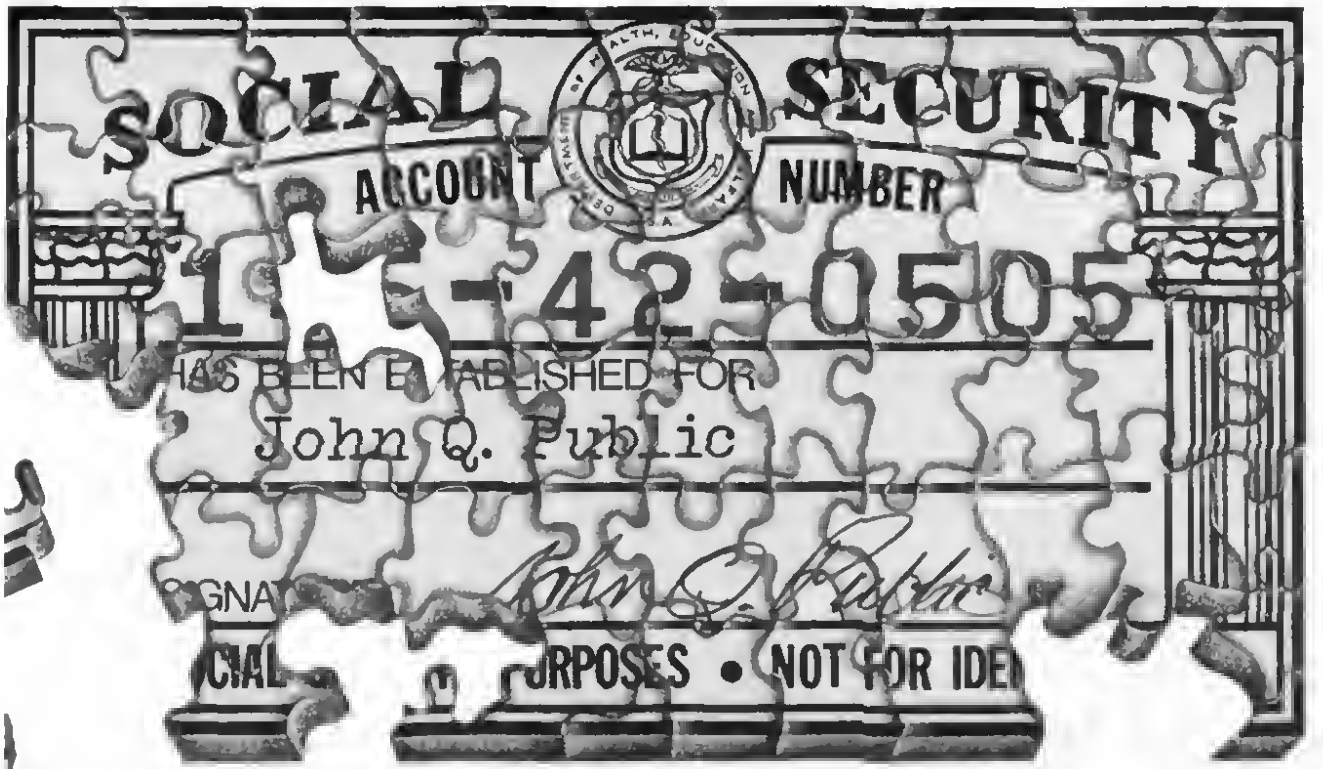

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Not a game for grown-ups

By the semifinal round of the U.S. Amateur, only college kids were left. The best of them turned out to be John Cook, recruited for Ohio State by Jack Nicklaus

At the beginning of last week's U.S. Amateur the contestants included doctors, lawyers and airline pilots, upholsterers, county judges and hockey players. But at the end all that was left were two fuzzy-cheeked college boys battling across an elegant old Donald Ross golf course for the championship.

John Cook, 20, of Ohio State, and Scott Hoch, 23, of Wake Forest, settled the issue in 32 holes of match play Sunday afternoon at New Jersey's Plainfield Country Club. In the first nine holes the lead changed hands three times. But on the back nine, Cook, who looks and putts like Ben Crenshaw, caught fire. In the space of seven holes he made five birdies, hitting magnificent iron shots and sinking putt after putt. Hoch never quit trying, but as he said afterwards, "A great player played great, and that's tough to beat." They went to lunch with Cook five up.

In the afternoon most of the breaks went to Cook and most of the bad lies and putts that might have dropped but didn't belonged to Hoch. After the first three holes, Cook was leading by eight, but Hoch hung on, allowing Cook only one more hole and taking four himself. But on the 32nd hole, the inevitable happened, Cook winning the match 5 and 4 with two putts from 40 feet for par to become the 78th U.S. Amateur champion. "I've never played this well," he said. "It scared me." The No. 2 amateur said, "I tried the best I could to make a match out of it."

Earlier in the week a middle-aged spectator standing beside the 9th green watching the passing parade of shaggy collegians muttered to no one in particular, "I don't care who wins this. I'd just like to see it be a guy with one gray hair in his head."

Rooting for gray hairs in the U.S. Amateur these days is about as profitable as waiting the return of the gutta-percha ball. Even rooting for grown-ups is getting a little silly. The only full-grown adult with a fighting chance to win at Plainfield was Jay Sigel, a 34-year-old Philadelphia insurance man who has won most of the country's important amateur tournaments at one time or another since 1968, when he graduated from Wake Forest, which he attended on an Arnold Palmer scholarship. Sigel has never won the Amateur, but because he has won two other tournaments and had several high finishes this summer, the more doggedly optimistic amateur watchers thought maybe this was his year. Weekend golfers everywhere will be saddened to learn that Sigel lost to 18-year-old Bob Wrenn, Wake Forest '81, 5 and 4, in the fourth round.

By the quarterfinals only one taxpayer was left—Steve Owen, a 27-year-old real-estate man from Haines City, Fla. Having just beaten Bill Monneyham of the University of Houston in the fifth round, Owen was on top of the world. One more win and he would be in the semifinals, and making the semis in the U.S. Amateur means an automatic invitation to the Masters.

Well, Steve Owen will not be in Augusta come April, but Bob Clampett, the 18-year-old phenom of this year's U.S. Open, will. Clampett, the heavy favorite at Plainfield on the basis of winning the prestigious Western Amateur and the Porter Cup, sent Owen home to Haines City a 6 and 4 loser.

And then there were four. For once, the always exciting but not always reliable match-play format of the Amateur produced four of the best players and likeliest contenders in the 201-man field. And this time there were two extraordinary semifinal matches, each of which went two extra holes.

Clampett, who had lost only once in his last 22 matches, seemed to have his place in the final sewed up on the 18th hole, when Hoch hit a three-wood off the tee that rebounded straight back after hitting a tree trunk in the left rough. The match was even at that point, and Clampett had a clear second shot to the green. But then Hoch hit what he calls "the one lucky shot you need to win in match play." He figured his distance, factored in the wind, which was against him, and hit a knuckleball eight-iron that landed 10 feet from the pin. From there he two-putted for a halve that kept him alive and sent the match to the 19th tee.

Then it was Clampett's turn for a miracle shot. His legs were beginning to tire, and as they did, his shots began going to the right. Clampett is 5' 9", weighs 140 pounds and usually loses a few pounds during a tournament. At the 19th hole he hit his tee shot right, onto an adjoining tee, where his route to the green was blocked by a clump of tall fir trees. However, he hit a nearly impossible snap-hook five-iron that landed on the green 35 feet from the pin. After two putts he had a par and a memorable halve.

On the next hole, Clampett hit his tee shot to the right again, but this time he

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was fresh out of miracles. Hoch took the match with a par. Hoch admitted he had been psyched up for Clampett. "There is no question that he is the best in the country this summer," he said, "but I didn't want him to walk away with everything. That's just not American!"

Meanwhile, Cook, a junior at Ohio State, was engaged in another classic match with Mike Peck of Stanford. Both are tall, slim, good-looking blonds. Cook a business and finance major who may or may not finish school, Peck an economics major only a few units short of a B.A. Cook, who was recruited for Ohio State by Jack Nicklaus and Tom Weiskopf, will turn pro. The only question is how soon. Peck, who was not recruited for Stanford by Tom Watson, even though he also is from Kansas City, has at least a few doubts about whether to turn pro at all. Each has played No. 1 for his college team—Cook for two years, Peck for three—but Cook has the more impressive record, especially as a junior. Like Clampett, he has won the California State Amateur.

Cook took the lead for the first time when he birdied the 7th hole, but Peck evened things with an eagle on the par-4 10th. It was Peck's second eagle 2 of the day, the first having been in his morning quarterfinal match when he hit a six-iron into the cup on the fly at the 13th, a 460-yard par 4. The shot damaged the hole so badly that a new hole had to be cut four paces to the rear.

Where this remarkable shot occurred in the morning, there was an unlikely double disaster in the afternoon. Peck won the hole and went one-up with a double bogey when Cook hit out of bounds and took a triple bogey. Cook evened the match again with a 12-foot birdie at 15. Peck chipped in from just off the green at 17 for a saving halve. The cliff-hanging finally ended on the 20th hole when Cook sank a 20-foot putt for a birdie that fell in on its last revolution. Thus was the Cook-Hoch final created.

The galleries that tramped the hilly Plainfield course in foul and fair weather for six days and applauded good golf shots regardless of who hit them were amply rewarded for their effort. They got a glimpse of the future—Cook, Hoch, Clampett, Peck and Player. That's right, Wayne Player, 16, Johannesburg, South Africa. Nice kid. Hits it a mile. Made it to the third round. **END**

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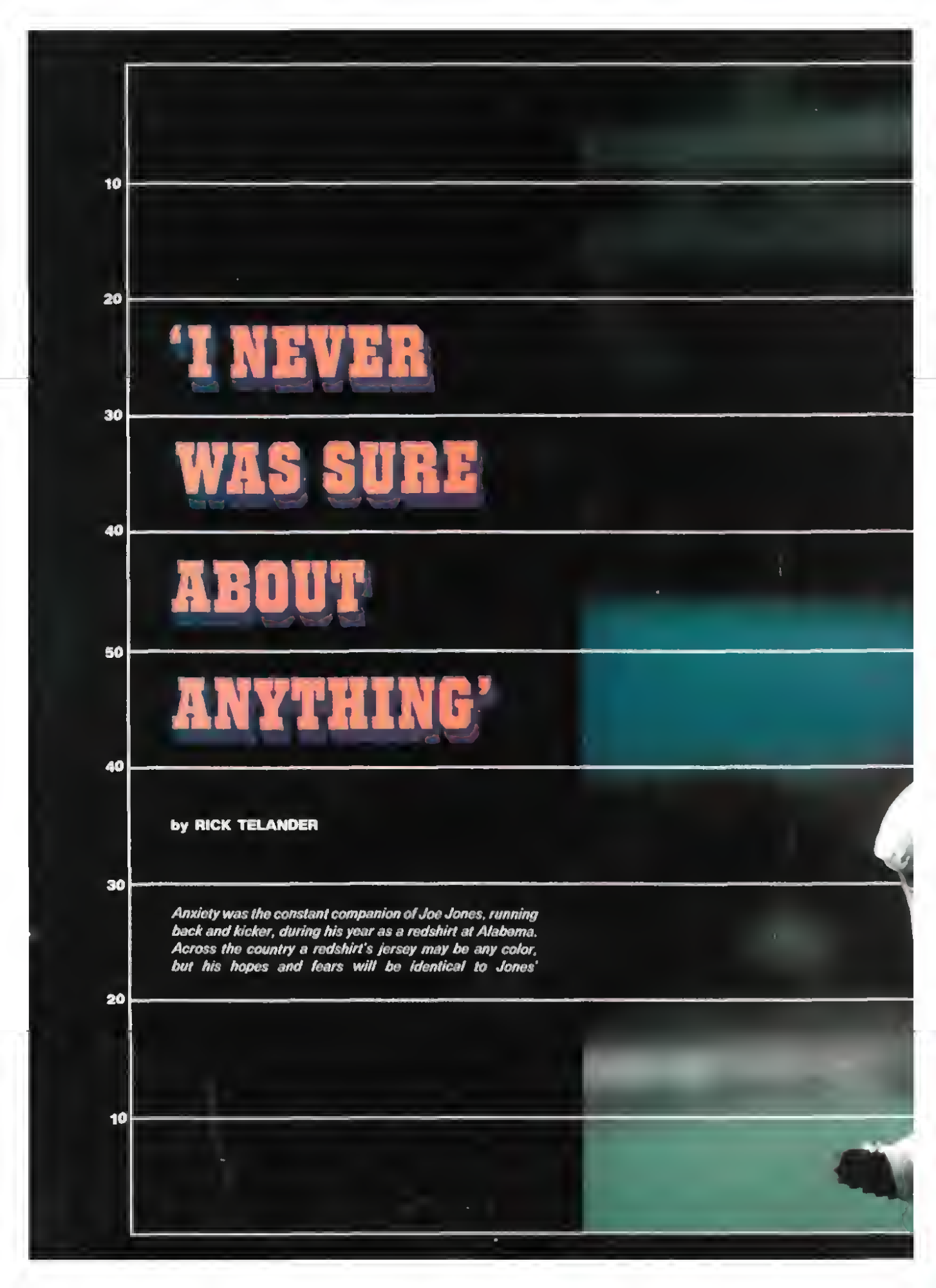
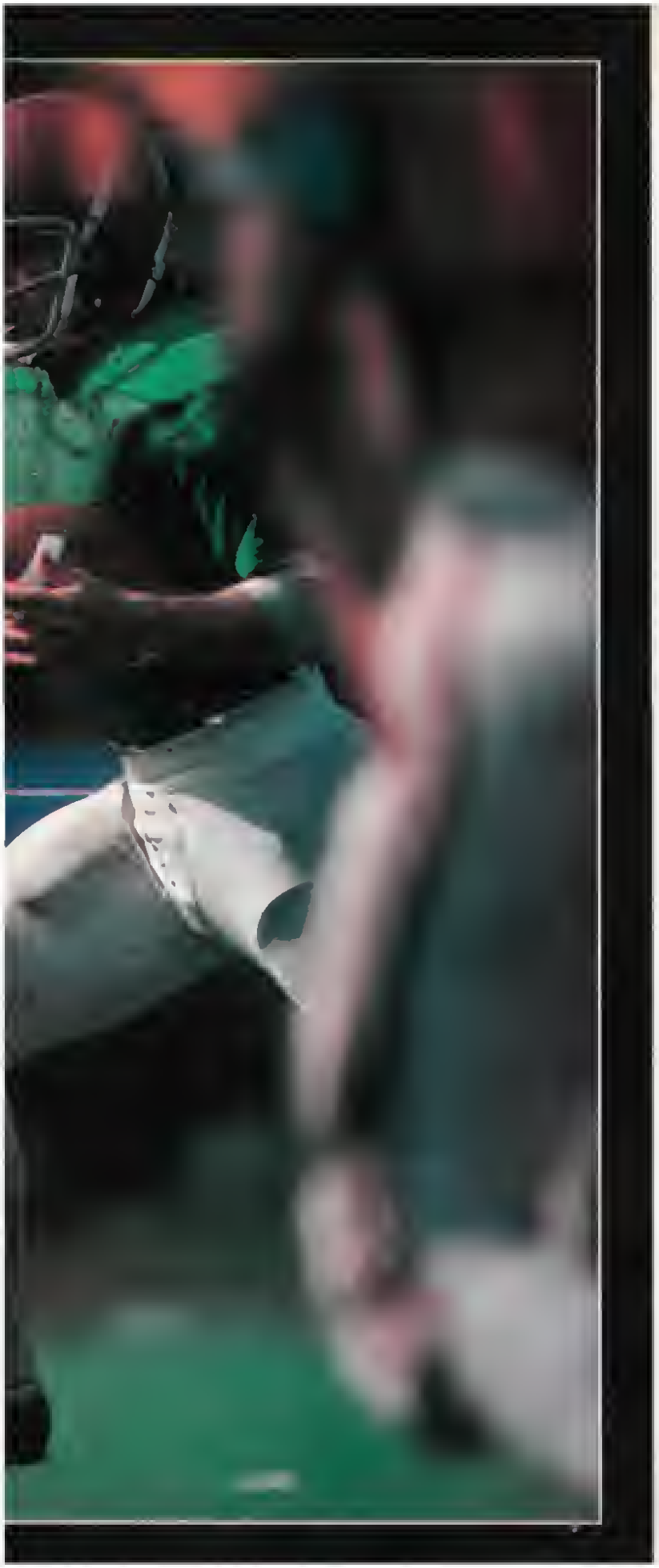
'I NEVER WAS SURE ABOUT ANYTHING'

by RICK TELANDER

Anxiety was the constant companion of Joe Jones, running back and kicker, during his year as a redshirt at Alabama. Across the country a redshirt's jersey may be any color, but his hopes and fears will be identical to Jones'





When Joe Jones was in the seventh grade in Thomaston, Ga., he was faced with the first great dilemma of his athletic career. The football coach at Robert E. Lee Institute, the high school Joe would be attending, felt Joe had potential as a halfback. But he also felt another year of growth would greatly improve Joe's possibilities as a high school runner. Would Joe, who had passing grades, mind spending another year in the seventh grade? the coach asked. Would 12-year-old Joe Jones become, in essence, a redshirt?

"I know it sounds crazy," says Jones, now 21 and a junior halfback for the University of Alabama, "but they did that all the time in Thomaston. I didn't want to stay back then, but now I'm glad I did. It helped me mature."

When Alabama played Ohio State in the Sugar Bowl on January 2 of this year, Joe Jones, though willing and able, did not suit up with the team. He did not even travel to New Orleans for the game. Instead, he was watching the contest on TV at home in Thomaston, a town of 13,000 some 60 miles south of Atlanta. The reason? At the start of the 1977 season, Coach Paul Bryant decided it would be best if Joe did not participate in any of the Crimson Tide's games that year. It was Bryant's feeling that another year of growth and maturity would improve Joe Jones' possibilities as a collegiate runner. Joe Jones was redshirted again.

As the six members of the Jones family sit in their pine-paneled living room watching that Sugar Bowl game, the Jones men—Joe, his 24-year-old twin brothers John and Bill and his father, Dr. Dewey Jones, a prominent dentist—discuss the concept of holding an athlete back for future gain. Like Joe, both of the twins went through seventh grade

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Whether his year off meant a payoff hung in the balance as Jones showed his stuff last spring

twice, for football reasons. It was made easier, they explain, because seven other boys—all football players—stayed back with them. "To be competitive with bigger schools we had to do it," says John Jones. "All the best athletes from this area stayed back a year."

As a member of the Thomaston school board, Dr. Jones helped promote the grade school redshirt program, a policy he feels is well suited to local sentiment. "They take football very seriously here," he points out.

Lying on the carpeted floor, Joe Jones is caught up in the action of the game. Born Dewey Wheeler Jones III, Joe was given his nickname before he could talk. "My mama knew that if my grandfather, my daddy and I were sitting around and somebody said 'Dewey,' nobody'd know who they were talking to," he says. At 5′ 11″, 185 pounds, Joe is rather small for big-time football, a situation he has tried to remedy by constantly lifting weights and working out. And by growing older.

Jones, first redshirted in grade school, knew the drill: loosen up teammates, run opponents' plays

Though normally quiet and easygoing, Joe is partisan about his team. "Look at Johnny Davis!" he says after the Alabama fullback tramples an Ohio State defender. "He's remarkable. The best runner I've ever seen."

In high school Joe was quite a runner himself, gaining 2,780 yards in four years, once returning a kickoff 99 yards for a touchdown. As a senior he was named All-State and was recruited by a number of Southern football powers. As a freshman at Alabama, Joe was the second-leading rusher on the junior varsity team, with 157 yards in 47 carries. As a part-time placekicker, he was good on four of five extra-point attempts and two of three field goals, including a 47-yarder. That year, 1976, he also dressed for nine varsity games. He even got into one. He carried the ball once, gaining "about three yards."

"I guess I'm not a great breakaway threat," he says, analyzing himself during a TV time-out, "but I think I can see laterally and cut back against the grain pretty well. But there's a saying at Alabama that if you can't block, you can't play. That's really what I'm learning to do. Block."

As a sophomore, Joe dressed for one game at the beginning of the 1977 season but did not play. He wasn't aware he had been redshirted until the third week of the season when Backfield Coach Shorty White informed him he would not be playing that year. Joe now claims he has no regrets about a decision he did not participate in that will result in his taking five calendar years to use up four years of varsity eligibility. "I think it's best for me," Joe says. "You have to have a lot of experience to do anything at Alabama. And it gives me another year to get all my classes in, so I can take my time a little." He pauses as, on the screen, the Tide rolls to another touchdown, and he smiles with pride.

"I sure am glad I chose Alabama. I felt that playing under Coach Bryant I'd learn more valuable things than football, things that would help me the rest of my life. That's why if Coach Bryant redshirts you, you don't question it."

The Bear in the tower was the one man to please

Mrs Jones enters the living room from the kitchen, where she has been checking the dinner of roast beef and sweet potatoes "How many of those boys do you know?" she asks Joe, indicating the entire Alabama team now clustered on the sideline

"I know all of them real well, Mama See, Coach Bryant really emphasizes the contribution everybody makes. Everybody treats everybody else the same on our team "

Alahama goes on to trounce Ohio State 35–6, and the TV cameras switch to the locker room As if to back up Joe Jones' claim, Bryant immediately makes a point to the interviewer "I'm very proud of all my players," states the grizzled, stonefaced coach. "Even those who didn't play, those who were only on the scout team."

Joe Jones nods his head approvingly. "That's what he always tells us "

Redshirting, in one form or another, has been going on for as long as there have been eligibility rules in college football. The term comes from the practice of dressing temporarily ineligible athletes in jerseys different from those of the active team. In the early days that usually meant red jerseys for the athletes-in-waiting.

Current NCAA rules allow five consecutive years for the completion of four years of varsity competition, but earlier rules were much less restrictive At one time a player who had not received his baccalaureate could take as long as he wanted to use up his varsity status "You could even drop out of school, go home and bulk up for a couple years," says David Berst of the NCAA Enforcement Department Up to 1960, the NCAA required athletes to complete their seasons of competition in 10 semesters of school. In 1961 the current five-year plan was adopted.

Though redshirting is specific in concept it can be ambiguous in practice For instance, a varsity player who warms the bench for a year is little different from a redshirt, except that he will not get an extra year of varsity competition, or scholarship, unless his coach decides to offer it. It is possible, therefore, for a player to be redshirted for a season and not even know it

And a player who sees only brief action loses his chance of having that year count as a redshirt year In 1966 the Alabama preseason press guide listed Louis Thompson, a defensive tackle, as a junior Thompson went to Assistant Athletic Director Charley Thornton and told him that he should be listed as a senior "Why is that?" asked Thornton Hadn't Thompson redshirted his sophomore year? "No, I didn't," replied Thompson "I played 18 seconds against Vanderbilt "

Because any amount of game time voids redshirting (except in certain cases of early-season injury), players who have not played tend to become cautious near the end of the season. Late last fall an Alabama coach grabbed Split End David Booker by the jersey, ready to throw him in for the last few seconds of a runaway game "No! Don't!" cried Booker, hurriedly explaining that he hadn't played all year and that he'd lose possible redshirt status by going in The coach kept Booker out of the game

The judicious use of redshirting has become even more important since the NCAA instituted scholarship limitations. Since 1976, Division I schools have been able to recruit and give financial aid to no more than 30 football players a year As of the first game of this season, there can be no more than 95 players on athletic scholarships on a team at a given time, 25 fewer than a team would have if it signed and kept 30 players each year over the normal four-year undergraduate span Since redshirts count against the 95-man total, they are maneuvered like pawns to keep a team strong but not overloaded For example, a successful recruiting year for tackles makes every tackle in school a possible, even likely, candidate for a five-year program.

If the 95-man rule has made things more difficult for established redshirt schools (e.g., Alabama, Nebraska, Oklahoma and others that make a practice of redshirting a number of players each year), that, according to the NCAA, is its

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For Jones the redshirt, calisthenics, run-throughs and scrimmages meant all work but no play

The annual publicity picture of Bama players named Jones or Smith includes Joe this year

purpose. "Without these limits a team could redshirt an entire class," says David Berst. "It was even happening that some institutions were loading up on all the good players around just so they wouldn't have to play against them." Wayne Duke, commissioner of the Big Ten, a conference that did not accept the five-year rule until 1973, feels that limitation is a good thing. "I know for a fact that in 1970 one school had 155 men on its football team," he says. "Think of that. That's 14 full teams plus a placekicker."

To some critics the very concept of redshirting is suspect. They see the practice as simply a devious means of allowing players to age for the team's benefit. Those in favor of redshirting counter that it is not an unnatural process, that it takes many college students five years to get a degree.

No one, however, denies that the reason behind redshirting is to field a better team. "There's no question that even a very talented athlete will be a better player at 22 than he is at 18 or 19," says Scott Hunter, an Alabama redshirt in 1967 and currently a quarterback for the Atlanta Falcons. Hunter, though, is somewhat ambivalent about the procedure. "There can be social problems as you see your friends, the guys you entered school with, graduate and leave," he says. "But if you finish at 21 and you're not quite the player you could have been if you'd had another year, and if you get passed up in the draft because of it, well, you may wish you'd been redshirted." (The difficulty with that argument surfaces when a player is not drafted even though he has spent a year as a redshirt.)

Though redshirting may be done in any sport, football—because of its numbers, frequent injuries and money-making potential—is most suited to the practice. This last winter, however, basketball broadened the scope of the practice. DePaul University pushed a rule through the NCAA that allows academically qualified freshmen to be held out of play without losing eligibility. Until passage of this rule, which is retroactive to 1974, only sophomores, juniors and seniors could be redshirted. DePaul's motive was narrow—it had a senior basketball player who would not have been eligible for the 1978 NCAA Regionals unless the change was adopted—but the rule could greatly affect many college freshmen, particularly at the football powers.

Conference commissioners worry that freshmen will now be subjected to the equivalent of one-year tryouts and then cut, or that academically unqualified freshmen will be admitted to schools and immediately redshirted in hopes they can qualify as sophomores. "I don't know what the significance of the new rule will be," says Boyd McWhorter, commissioner of the Southeastern Conference, "but we doubt that it will be good."

Adding to the insecurity felt by many college football players is the fact that guaranteed four-year grants-in-aid, once the standard scholarship offer at most colleges, have been replaced by one-year grants. Now, a coach does not have to tell a player until July 1 whether his scholarship has been reoffered for the coming school year. Equally unnerving is the fact that a coach can cut a player for non-athletic reasons. As David Berst says, "A coach can decide not to renew a scholarship for whatever reason he wants—because he doesn't like the boy, because his hair is too long, whatever." Even injured players can be asked to leave.

Some of the wealthier schools, among them Alabama, have tried to adhere to a policy of offering non-athletic scholarships to those players cut each spring. But such moves are slim consolation to most athletes. As Joe Jones says, "Lose my football scholarship? Ooh, God, that would be heartbreaking."

Three months after the Sugar Bowl game, Joe Jones is sitting at his desk in Paul Bryant Hall, pen in hand. In front of him are a writing tablet and several books. A collection of Hemingway short stories is creased open to a well-worn page. The room, a typically collegiate cement-block rectangle, is surprisingly clean. Joe admits that when he found out he'd be having company he cleared it of "at least an inch of dust."

Joe's forearms and his elbows are blotched with pinkish carpet burns, an indication that spring football is under way on Alabama's artificial turf. "A guy said to me today, 'You look like you've been in a bike wreck,' " Joe says with a chuckle. "But actually I kind of like artificial turf. I feel real quick on it."

His eyes drift down to the work before him. Last semester Joe switched his major from biology to English. Football practice had made it too difficult for him to schedule labs.

"Hemingway, you know, he wrote about young men coming of age," Joe points out, rubbing his head. "And he liked to get as close to death as possible. I'm doing a paper on this story here, 'The Capital of the World.' It's about a Spanish waiter who pretends he's a bullfighter and gets killed by knives attached to a

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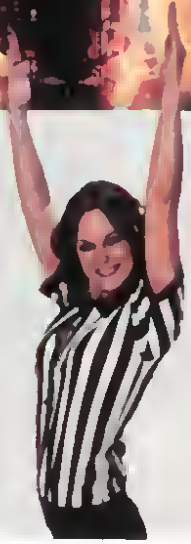

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chair." Joe studies what he has written down. Across from him, on a calendar, there is a group picture of the Alabama head coaches. They stare solemnly out at the room. One figure has the autograph "Paul 'Bear' Bryant" scrawled across it.

"One of the guys in the hall did that," says Joe, blushing slightly. "He's about immortal . . . Coach Bryant, that is."

Joe returns to his paper. "How does this sound? 'Paco, a young waiter at the Pensión Luarca, a restaurant. . .'

"No. Wait." Joe starts again. "'A young waiter by the name of Paco at the Pensión Luarca, who. . .' Hmmmm."

The literary problem is temporarily delayed by the entrance of two of Joe's teammates, fellow sophomore redshirts Mike Inman and Mike Clements. Predictably, the conversation turns to football, and redshirting. Clements, in contention for a starting cornerback position, admits he deserved to be redshirted so he could have another year to learn defensive techniques. "Still, when you first hear about it, it's bad," he says. "You say right off, 'Oh man, four more years.'" Like Joe Jones, Clements will be almost 24 when he graduates in 1981.

Inman, a 6′ 5″, 230-pound defensive tackle, was held back primarily because of a broken foot that he had suffered before the 1977 season. "I was working in a gas station back home in Loganville, Ga. and some guys were tickling me, poking me in the back, and I dropped a jack on my foot," he says sheepishly. "But I watched myself in the films and I realized I was in the rough anyway." After breaking his other foot this spring, Inman is now recovered and is a second-string tackle.

The young men all agree their early performances at Alabama were hindered because they were "scared to death" as freshmen. "It's such a big step coming to a place like this," says Inman. "I was lost. You go into the locker room and there's somebody like Bob Baumhower walking around looking like a Greek god."

"Or how about Wayne Hamilton," adds Clements. "Remember when we were freshmen and he was so scared and homesick he locked himself in his room and wouldn't come out?" Last season as a sophomore the 6′ 5″, 228-pound Hamilton obviously felt more secure. He started at defensive end for Alabama and was credited with 50 tackles, six sacks, two passes broken up, two recovered fumbles and an interception. He was picked to the second-team All-America squad by *Football News* and to the first-team Academic All-SEC unit.

"It just takes a while to come on," says Inman.

As the young men continue their discussion, certain of their personal qualities begin to stand out. It is apparent that all three are serious, devoted athletes. Clements, perhaps befitting his position on the field, is the most nervous and fidgety. Inman is the most outgoing, Joe Jones the most thoughtful. "Joe, he's one of the most highly respected guys on the team," Inman reveals when Jones steps out for a moment. "He's never out drinking or causing trouble. There's nothing but admiration for him."

But the one characteristic common to all three players, the one element that seems to tinge their every comment on football and their own futures is a deep, reverential trust in Coach Paul Bryant and his ability to do the right thing for them. Fear is there, too, but it is closer to awe than terror. "When he does something, it's got to be right," says Inman, shrugging his shoulders. "I mean, he was coaching way before I was born."

Despite Bryant's record as the winningest active coach in football, the players' veneration of him leaves them somewhat vulnerable. In the hands of a less scrupulous man, one feels, such faith could easily be abused.

"With all these player limits, one-year scholarships, redshirting rules and things now, a coach is in a terrible position," says McWhorter, the SEC commissioner. "We should never have put

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Athletic ability earned Jones a scholarship to Alabama, where graduation will now take five years

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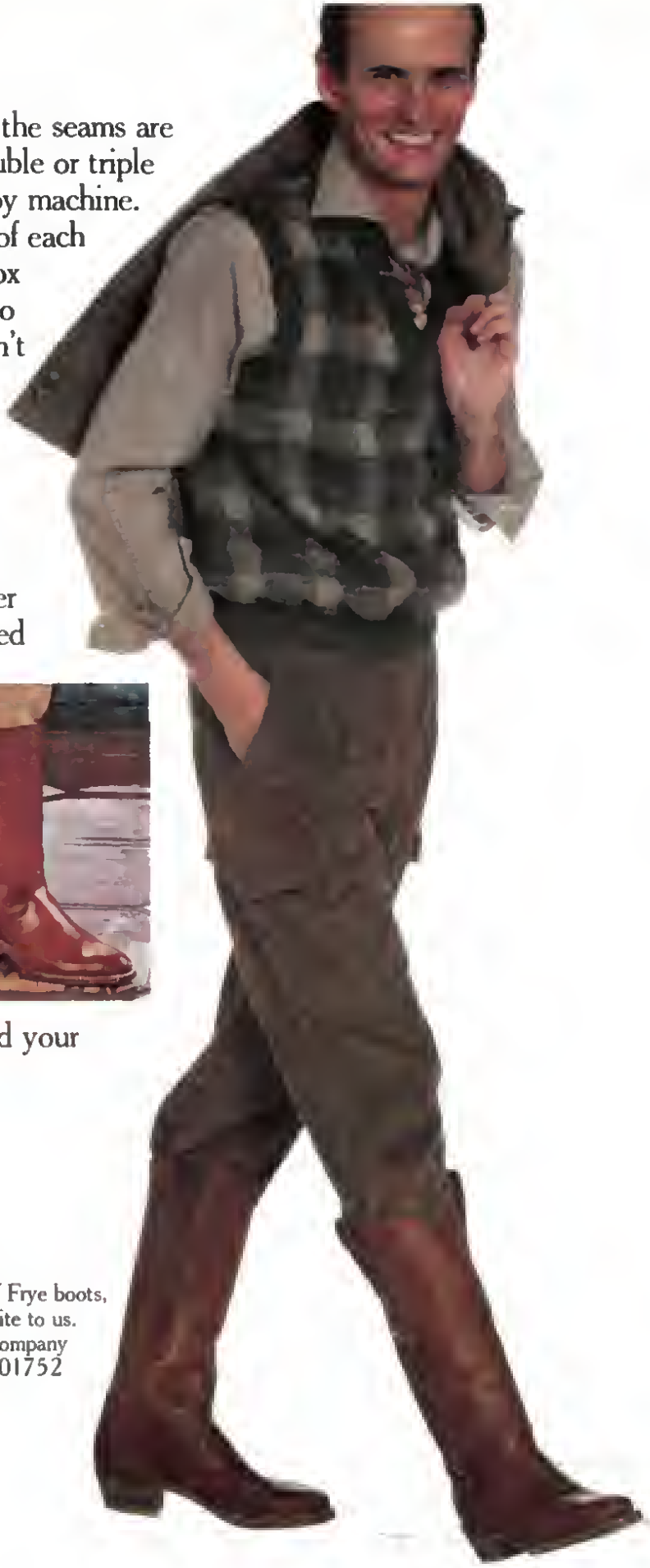

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coaches in this guessing game—trying to decide who's going to quit, who's going to flunk out, who has to be cut. Although I feel most coaches are very conscientious, it is possible for an unethical coach to do damage. I hope we don't ever lose sight of the fact that the athletes, the boys themselves, are the most important element here. But I'm afraid maybe we have."

At practice the following afternoon, Joe Jones wears a green jersey and runs through backfield plays with the second team. Since it is spring, his redshirt duties are completed and he is once again considered a full member of the squad. The days of holding tackling dummies and pretending to be a back for USC one week, Tennessee the next and Louisville the next are behind him. Around him swirl the colors of the rainbow. In Alabama practices the first-team offense wears red jerseys and the first-team defense, known as the Head Hunters, wears white. Green is for the second offense and blue is for the second defense. Orange jerseys are worn by the scout team. Yellow, worn only by the walking wounded and the quarterbacks, is the color designating "hands off."

"It makes all the difference in the world what color your jersey is," whispers Inman, himself a yellow shirt relegated to the sidelines. "Those orange backs, like Joe used to be, they're just stand-up dummies. In the fall they have to run against the Head Hunters a million times. What a beating."

Up in his three-story metal tower, Bryant silently scans the workout. Only occasionally does he pick up his battery-powered megaphone and make a low-throated comment on defensive alignment or blocking patterns. He turns to watch as the running backs practice taking out ends and cornerbacks. Blocking, as Joe Jones has said, is one of Bryant's personal obsessions.

Joe himself must put every ounce of muscle into his blocks to cause an effective collision. After one hit and miss, one of the assistant coaches takes Joe aside. "Look, Joe," he says, "you've got to reach out like this across the man's leg. . . ." The coach demonstrates in slow motion and Joe watches as though his life depends on it.

At the other end of the field, the first-

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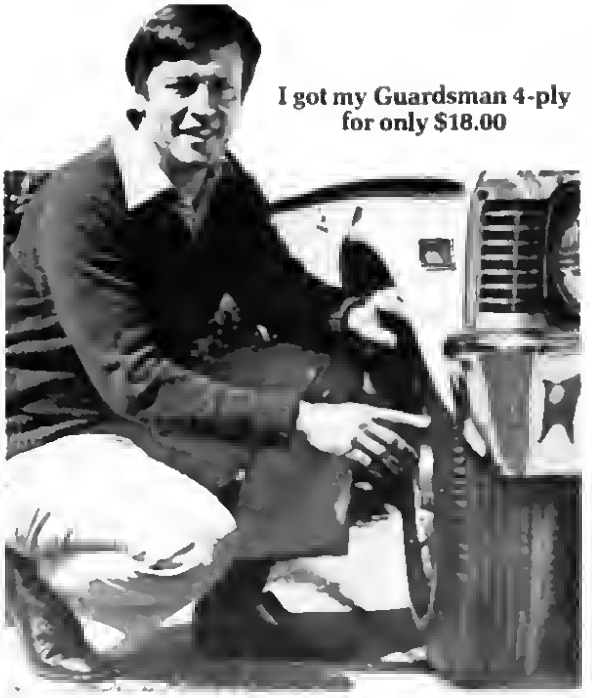

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team defense is being shown how to "nullify and destroy" blocks. For today, at least, Mike Clements is dressed all in white, alternating at right cornerback for the Head Hunters. He performs well until he overreacts on a reverse and is screened out of the play by the split end. The ballcarrier gains nearly 20 yards before Clements can pull him down.

"Mike, you ain't got but 19 acres over there to avoid that block," yells the secondary coach. "Get rid of the thing!" Clements, like Jones and Inman, is no longer officially considered a redshirt, and his desire to impress is strong. He shakes his head in disgust.

As practice wears on, a soft April rain begins to fall. Players and spectators alike furtively glance up at the immobile figure on the tower. The rain begins to come down harder. Heavy clouds roll in. Drills continue until a short blast from a whistle stops everyone dead in his tracks; heads turn as one. There is a moment of silence and then a deep voice says in a barely audible tone, "Go on in."

Shrieks of ecstasy fill the air as the players wheel and charge for the locker room. "That whistle of Coach Bryant's," shouts Mike Inman, caught up in the horde, bad foot and all, "it's got a whole different pitch."

As he sits at his large wooden desk, Athletic Director-Head Football Coach Paul W. Bryant smokes a cigarette and shuffles through a small stack of papers. Almost 65 years old and secure as few men ever are in their professions, Bryant needs to impress no one. His huge hands and face are deeply lined and his movements are slow, but the slowness stems from choice rather than necessity. One recalls that Bryant earned his nickname wrestling carnival bears back in Arkansas.

"I'll tell you something about redshirts," says the coach now in a voice that has been accurately described as sounding like a bullfrog at the bottom of a well. "You never redshirt anybody because they're too good. You redshirt them because they're not good enough. Sometimes you might have a position that's kind of filled, so you hold a player back for that reason. But not often."

Scott Hunter is an example of such strategy. In 1967, the year Hunter was redshirted, Alabama had Ken Stabler at quarterback. Ray Perkins, a wide receiver who went on to play five years of pro ball, was redshirted in 1963 because Bryant already had several outstanding ends on the team.

"I honestly don't know how many redshirts we had last fall," Bryant continues, "but if you have a lot it means you did a poor recruiting job. I can check." He finds a team roster and runs his finger slowly down the edge. He mentions no names but he comments on each redshirt he finds. "He'll never play . . . He'll never . . . He might play sometime . . . He'll play . . . Might play . . . Won't ever . . . Won't ever . . . I count 12 boys last year. That's a bad recruiting year."

What about Joe Jones? There was a time when Joe was certain Bryant did not even know he existed, when he was afraid even to cross the great man's path for fear of arousing demons. Bryant's temper is legendary. There was the time a young Alabama quarterback named Joe Namath was less than respectful to Bryant and the 6′ 3″ coach hoisted him off the ground by his headgear. "He had his fist back behind his head," recalls Namath. "And he said to me, 'Boy, when I talk to you, you look me in the eyes!' "

But Joe Jones has never done anything to cause trouble at Alabama. When he finally got up the courage to ask the coach for some tickets to last year's Auburn game, he was dazzled to find Bryant not only knew his name but sold him the tickets from his own personal supply.

"Joe Jones," says Bryant, nodding his head. "He got redshirted because he wasn't good enough to win. He's done pretty well this spring, except he's fumbled too much. He can kick and that's good, but he needs to work on everything." The coach lights another cigarette. Is Joe Jones progressing satisfactorily then? Is he safe? "I really don't know myself who's got to go when we make our cuts," states Bryant. "These boys come here with the understanding it's a one-year deal. I think it's a good rule, too. So we'll just make a list and when the grades come out we'll make the decisions. That's all I can say."

On Saturday, April 22, the players are taped early in preparation for Alabama's annual Red-White intrasquad scrimmage. Joe Jones is playing for the White team, captained by Running Back Tony

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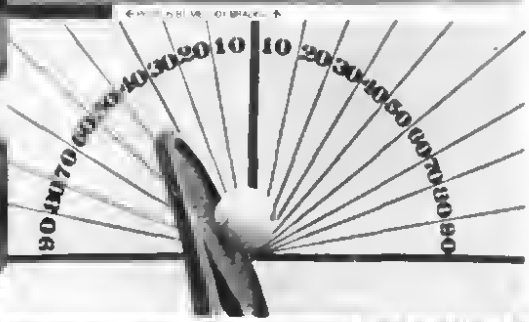

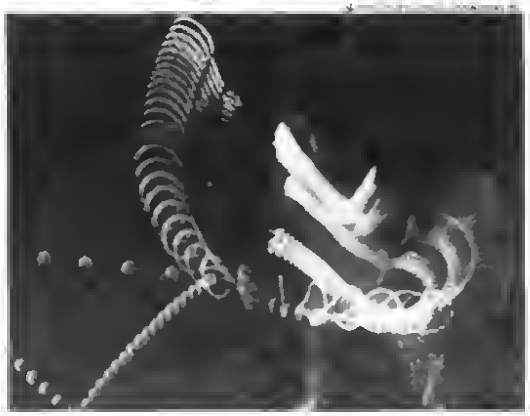

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- *The main goal in tennis is simple Keep all your shots deep and in play and you'll be famous by Friday*
- *You can't hit a helium ball and attack, that's like throwing a hand grenade and running underneath it*
- *When you are swinging in a northerly direction and the ball keeps heading south you are very likely watching your opponent instead of the ball*
- *If you can walk to the drinking fountain without falling over, you have the physical ability to play tennis well*

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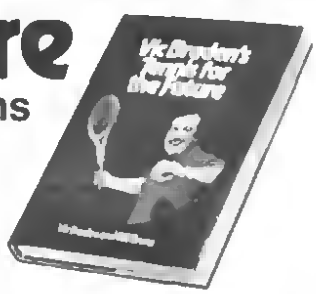

Nathan. The teams are equally divided and Joe is scheduled to substitute at right halfback for Nathan, who rushed for 15 touchdowns and a 6.2-yards-per-carry average last year while Jones marked time.

Before the game Joe was concerned that his redshirt year would have been completely wasted if he got cut now. "I don't think it's fair about having to cut players to hold the squad to 95," he said. "I was real worried my freshman year when Coach Bryant said eight players had to go. But really I don't think it's me now. I hope."

Joe added that no matter what happened he would come back to Alabama to finish his education. "I've always been an Alabama fan," he said. "When I was 10 my grandmother gave me an Alabama jacket. When I was a sophomore in high school I had an Alabama T shirt. And when I took art as a senior I made this papier-mâché Alabama elephant that I painted red and white with little black toes. My whole family's been converted."

Today's game is also special to Joe because his parents and girl friend have driven in from Thomaston to watch him perform. At the beginning Joe plays only on the punting and kickoff teams, but late in the first quarter he is sent in to relieve Nathan. As he lines up in a three-point stance, Joe looks compact and determined, but the fingers on his free hand twitch nervously. Not until three minutes into the second quarter does he carry the ball for the first time. He gains three yards. There is nothing spectacular about the run, no vaults or stiff-arms or whirls, just three hard-fought yards off tackle. Shortly after that, Joe throws a nice block on the defensive end, sticking his helmet across the player's leg the way the coach had asked.

After an exchange of punts, the Whites drive to the Reds' six-yard line, and the Reds dig in for a goal-line stand. Two running plays net another four yards. On third-and-goal, Quarterback Don Jacobs calls the signals, sprints right, then pitches back to Jones. The only player between Joe and the goal line is Red Safety Ricky Tucker. The crowd screams, anticipating some sort of feint followed by a footrace to the corner.

But Joe Jones doesn't fake at all. He simply lowers his helmet and aims di-

continued

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rectly at Tucker. A tremendous crash follows, with both players straightening up, wavering and tumbling into the end zone. The referee signals touchdown.

On the sideline the White team mobs Jones, who still seems woozy from the collision. Mike Inman hobbles up and beats Joe on the back. "I was expecting some sort of swivel hips," he shouts. "But no! It's boom, Joe Jones the crusher." Joe smiles and shakes any hand offered him.

In the second half the Reds score on a long pass, the White offense fizzles and the game ends at 7–7. For the day, Joe Jones has rushed seven times for 30 yards and one touchdown. His long run of 14 yards is second only to a 21-yarder reeled off by Nathan.

Outside the locker room, Backfield Coach Shorty White tries to analyze Joe's potential. "You have to face it, he's not a great athlete. But he can get to be a consistent athlete, a steady one," says White. "And that's not bad, either. You don't have many great players—the Ozzie Newsome, Jeff Rutledge, Johnny Davis types. You need them, of course, to be a great team, but the majority of college players are the Joe Jones type."

One week after the scrimmage, after the coaches have had a chance to analyze the films, Joe Jones is named the winner of the Johnny Musso Most Improved Offensive Back Award for the spring, 1978. It is proof that the coaches have noticed Joe's efforts. Perhaps more significant is the fact that Tony Nathan won the award in 1977.

On May 6, school ends and Joe Jones packs up his belongings and drives back to Thomaston. He has a few free days and then he begins his $3-an-hour summer job in the machine shop at a Thomaston cotton mill. "It's pretty much fun," says Joe in early June. "I'm sort of a plumber, really. I wear waders and climb around in trenches. I don't know if I'm learning much, but maybe I'll be able to fix the drains in my house someday."

Joe continues to work hard at football, rising every morning at six to run, then running again in the afternoon after work. In the evenings he visits his girl friend or chips golf balls in his front yard.

He feels certain that he is not one of the players to be cut, that the Johnny Musso Award guarantees as much. Then on June 30 a letter comes from the Alabama Athletic Department informing him that his scholarship has been renewed for another year.

"Boy," sighs Joe, "that really puts my mind at ease. To tell the truth I never was sure about anything. But it's official now. I'm finished being a redshirt. I'm ready to play football."

After all this time, it seems only fair. END

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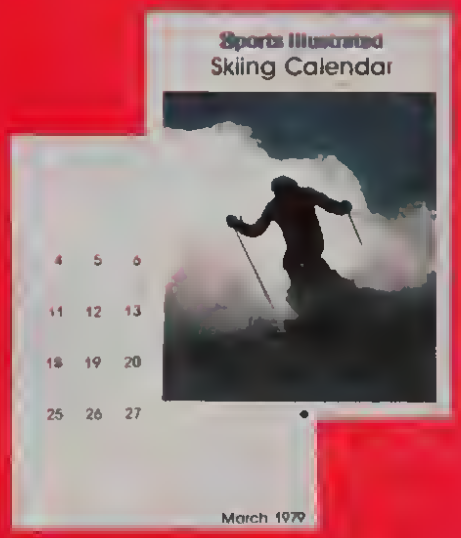

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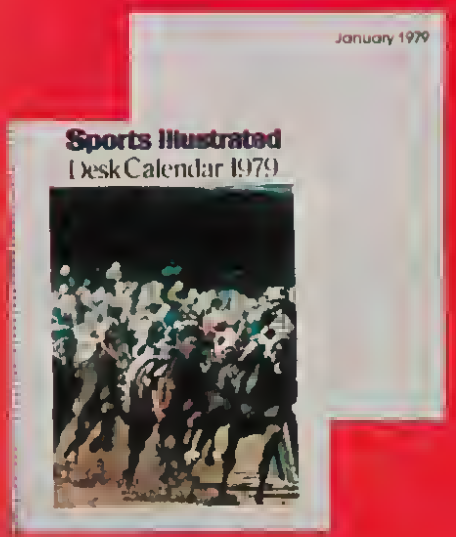

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 26-Sept. 3

BOWLING—FRED CONNER of Mar Vista, Calif. defeated Paul Moser 191–180 in the final game to win the $60,000 Waukegan Open by 12 pins. It was Conner's first victory on the PBA tour.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—For the last several seasons, Penn State had been heavily favored to beat Temple, but in 1975 and '76 the Lions squeaked by with one-point wins. This year it took a 23-yard field goal by Matt Bahr with 10 seconds remaining for Penn State to escape with a 10–7 victory. Alabama Quarterback Jeff Rutledge led the Crimson Tide to a 20–3 victory over Nebraska, passing four yards for one touchdown and scoring another on a three-yard keeper. Alabama's defense was the deciding factor, holding Rick Berns, J.M. Hipp & Co. to *110 yards rushing.* In other games, Randy Boyette kicked a 41-yard field goal and James Hale picked up a blocked quick kick and raced 10 yards for a touchdown as Southern Mississippi edged Richmond 10–7, Tulsa beat Arkansas State 21–20, and Mississippi State defeated West Texas State 28–0.

PRO FOOTBALL—Richerd Todd tossed three touchdown passes, including one of 47 yards and another of 43 yards to Wesley Walker, and Pat Leahy kicked four field goals as the New York Jets upset Miami 33–20. New England Quarterback Steve Grogan threw what he thought was going to be the winning score early in the fourth quarter, a 45-yarder to newly acquired Harold Jackson, but Brad Dusek, a former Patriot, grabbed a fumble by Horace Ivory and ran 31 yards for a touchdown with 2:40 left to give Washington a 16–14 victory. It was defense all the way in New Orleans, highlighted by Safety Tommy Myers' three interceptions, including one he ran back 97 yards for a fourth-quarter touchdown, as the Saints upset Minnesota 31–24. With a 13–0 lead in the fourth quarter, Los Angeles thought it had the game sewed up, but Philadelphia's Ron Jaworski connected with Ken Payne on a 24-yard scoring pass and the Eagles went ahead on a 57-yard punt return by Wally Henry and Nick Mike-Mayer's conversion with 5:33 left. Quarterback Pat Haden rallied the Rams, however, leading them on a 60-yard march that was climaxed by a 46-yard field goal seven seconds before the gun by rookie Frank Corral—his third of the game—for a 16–14 L.A. victory. Walter Payton, playing with an injured shoulder, rushed for 101 yards and a fourth-period touchdown, and Roland Harper plunged over from the one with 1:56 left, as Chicago beat St. Louis 17–10. Kansas City survived a last-minute surge by Cincinnati for a 24–23 defeat of the Bengals, its first victory over Cincinnati since 1970. Tony Adams, subbing for injured Quarterback Mike Livingston, led the Chiefs on scoring drives of 55, 76 and 59 yards. A 67-yard scoring pass from Joe Pisarcik to Johnny Perkins led the Giants to a 19–13 victory over Tampa Bay. Replacing the injured Jerry Golsteyn, Pisarcik completed nine of 15 passes for 156 yards. Denver got key interceptions from Safeties Bill Thompson and Bernard Jackson as the Broncos defeated Oakland 14–6. Rookie John Jefferson caught two touchdown passes from Dan Fouts, and Defensive Tackle Gary Johnson intercepted a pass and ran 52 yards to score another as San Diego beat Seattle 24–20. Ozzie Newsome ran 33 yards on an end-around play to lead Cleveland to a 24–7 win over San Francisco. Atlanta beat Houston 20–14, Fred Steinfort kicking two second-half field goals. Terry Bradshaw threw two touchdown passes as Pittsburgh whipped Buffalo 28–17, and Quarterback David Whitehurst led Green Bay to a 13–7 victory over Detroit, whose second-half rally fell short.

GOLF—JOHN COOK won the 78th U.S. Amateur championship, defeating Scott Hoch 5 and 4 in Plainfield, N.J. (*page 88*)

HARNESS RACING—SPEEDY SOMOLLI, driven by Howard Beissinger, won the first and third heats to take the $241,280 Hambletonian for 3-year-old trotters at Du Quoin, Ill. The colt set world records with his clocking of 1:55 in the first heat (three-fifths of a second better than the old mark) and his accumulated time for the three heats (5:47). Florida Pro, who won the second heat, was also clocked at 1:55 (*page 26*)

HORSE RACING—TERLINGUA ($2.20), the unbeaten 2-year-old daughter of Secretariat, with Darrel McHargue up, swept to a nine-length victory over Beauty Hour in the $122,440 Debutante Stakes at Del Mar. The winner was timed in a stakes-record 1:36⅕ for the mile.

TEMPEST QUEEN ($5.20), Jorge Velasquez up, beat Lulubo by 5½ lengths to win the $52,850 Gazelle Handicap at Belmont Park. The 3-year-old filly covered the 1⅛ miles in 1:49⅘.

MOTOR SPORTS—Averaging 145.158 mph in his Lola-Cosworth, AL UNSER beat Pancho Carter by more than 14 miles to win the $300,000 California 500 and complete a sweep of the Triple Crown of Indy car racing. Only five of the 31 starters finished.

SOCCER—ASL: In the first round of the Eastern Division playoffs, Jose Neto scored three of New Jersey's goals as the Americans defeated Indy 4–2 and advanced to the two-game second round, where they met the New York Apollo. New York lost the first game 2–0, but won the next 5–2, as Cherlie McCarthy scored the key goal, to make the finals, the series being decided by total goals. Ramon Moraldo scored the decisive penalty kick following a scoreless sudden-death overtime period to lead California past Southern California 2–1 in the Western Division opening playoff. In the second round, Los Angeles eliminated California as Mal Roche and Jim Rolland excelled. Roche scored the only goal in the first game for a 1–0 L.A. victory, and Rolland, the league's scoring leader and MVP, scored twice in a 4–1 Skyhawk win, moving them into the finals against the Apollo.

TENNIS—MANUEL ORANTES won the $200,000 U.S. Pro Championship for the second straight year, defeating Harold Solomon 6–4, 6–3 at the Longwood Cricket Club in Brookline, Mass.

TRACK & FIELD—Three women's world records were set and one tied at the European Championships in Prague. VILMA BARDAUSKIENE of the Soviet Union in the long jump (23' 3½"), bettering her own record by one inch; MARITA KOCH of East Germany in the 400 (48.94), breaking her record by .08 second; TATYANA ZELENTSEVA of the Soviet Union in the 400-meter hurdles (54.88), bettering her own record by .43 second; and SARA SIMEONI of Italy tying her record of 6' 7" in the high jump.

VOLLEYBALL—Orange County, the defending International Volleyball Association champion, took a 1–0 lead in the Western Division playoffs by defeating Santa Barbara three games to one. In the Continental Division, Tucson opened its playoff series with a three-game sweep of El Paso-Juarez.

MILEPOSTS—NAMED: As coach of the North American Soccer League's Tulsa Roughnecks, ALAN HINTON, 35, former assistant coach and forward for the Vancouver Whitecaps. Hinton replaces Alex Skotarek.

SIGNED: By the New York Knicks, free agent Center MARVIN WEBSTER, to a five-year contract for a reported $3 million. Webster averaged 14 points, 12.6 rebounds and 1.98 blocked shots per game last year and led the Seattle SuperSonics to the NBA playoff finals, where they lost to Washington.

CREDITS

6—Eric Schwaikardt. **20,21**—Manny Millan. **23**—Howard Bingham. **24**—Manny Millan. **81**—Richard Mackson. **88**—Lane Stewart. **92-96**—John Iacono. **96,98**—Leviton Atlanta. **100**—Chuck McGowen (2), Jim Nachtway-Albuquerque Journal, Dennis C. Enser.

FACES IN THE CROWD

DONALD HUNTER
HONOLULU

LORI CASTILLO
HONOLULU

Donald and Lori, both 17 years old, won the boys' and girls' divisions at the U.S. Golf Association's junior championships in Wilmington, Del. Donald survived six matches and a field of 150 players to defeat Keith Banes of La Mirada, Calif., on the third extra hole for the boys' championship. Lori, who is the daughter of a golf professional, won five matches and beat Jenny Lidback of Baton Rouge 4 and 2 in the final for the girls' title.

AL WAQUIE
JEMEZ PUEBLO, N. MEX.

Waquie, a 27-year-old forest ranger, broke his own record for the 7.6-mile La Luz Trail run up the west side of the 10,678-foot Sandia Crest outside of Albuquerque. His time of 57.40 was 2:20 faster than the mark he established last year.

KIM PALMER
WALNUT, CALIF.

Kim, a senior at Walnut High School, established Junior Olympic records in the 400-meter freestyle (4:21.54) and the 200-meter freestyle (2:05.74) at the National AAU Junior Olympic swimming championships in Santa Clara, Calif.

BRETT BARRON
SAN BRUNO, CALIF.

Barron, 18, competing in the 172-pound class, upset Teimoc Jonston-Ono, a 1976 U.S. Olympic judo team member, to win his division at the National Sports Festival in Colorado Springs. The win qualified Barron for the Pan-American Games.

LISA ZEIS
CHEEKTOWAGA, N.Y.

Lisa, 13, won five gold medals in gymnastics at the Empire State Games in Syracuse, N.Y. She finished first in vaulting, balance beam, floor exercises and all-around, and won an additional gold medal in the team competition.

"Hello, we've got the car you ordered, Sir."

Once every 32 seconds a car is stolen.[1]

Auto theft is no longer a "cottage industry." It's a 1.6 billion dollar a year business.[2]

In 1977, 948,024 cars were stolen. If that seems a meaningless statistic to you, what ought to make it meaningful is the fact that you pay for auto thefts through your insurance — whether your car is stolen or not.

Of course, not all cars are stolen for profit. At least one-third are stolen for "fun." And, while cars stolen for "joyrides" are often recovered, they're rarely recovered in one piece.

Can anything be done to stop auto theft? A number of things:

Lock your car. Some 40% of stolen cars are driven away with the keys owners left in them.[3] In Boston, where 1 in every 35 cars was stolen in 1975, a "Lock-your-car" campaign, run by the National Auto Theft Bureau and supported by many institutions including Ætna helped *cut theft 48% in a two-year period.*

Install anti-theft devices such as locking systems, out-off switches and security alarms. While less effective against the professional thief, they are a known deterrent to the amateur.

New laws can help. Ætna supports, for example, the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration's recommendations to make anti-theft devices standard equipment.[4]

We also back the recommendations of a New York legislative committee for identification numbers on car parts most often stripped, licensing of businesses that sell or scrap cars and accurate records kept of all transactions. We urge other states to consider these ideas.

Auto theft can be cut. Auto insurance costs can be controlled. Don't underestimate your own influence. Use it, as we are trying to use ours.

Ætna wants insurance to be affordable.

[1] While private passenger car registration increased 180% between 1949 and 1974, *thefts increased a whopping 493%*

[2] There may be worse to come. Auto theft rings have expanded their operations to offer auto parts—some 20% of cars they steal now wind up in the "cutting factory."

[3] According to a 1978 report from the New York State Senate Committee on Transportation 20% of stolen cars have the keys left in the ignition while another 20% have keys "hidden" by the owner on the visor or other places.

[4] Until anti-theft devices become standard equipment, we urge you to have them installed before other optional equipment that makes cars more attractive to the thief.

For a better understanding of the problem of auto insurance costs and what you can do about them, write Influence, Department N, Ætna Life & Casualty, 151 Farmington Avenue, Hartford, CT 06156.

Ætna
LIFE & CASUALTY

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

BRUTALITY (CONT.)

Sir:

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is to be commended for publishing John Underwood's series on football brutality (Aug. 14 *et seq.*). It is unquestionably a landmark in sports journalism. If *The Washington Post* won a Pulitzer for Woodward and Bernstein's exposé of Watergate, Underwood deserves no less for exposing the dark side of football.

DAVID KEIL
San Francisco

Sir:

I have been a subscriber for more than eight years and have read many excellent articles in your magazine, but I was never prompted to write a letter to the editor. John Underwood's series has changed that. I commend him for his well-thought-out, well-written series. Rarely do a man's love for a game and his fear for what is happening to it shine through so strongly on the printed page. Underwood's bias does nothing to harm what he is saying; if anything, it enhances the points he makes. Here's hoping that those who are responsible for the rules and practices at the high school, college and pro levels open their eyes before it is too late.

JAMES M. ANASTOS
Oxford, Ohio

Sir:

I have been a devoted fan of pro football for the past 10 years, but after reading Part 3 of your series I'm not so sure. Football has always been a violent sport, but I have no wish to see players permanently injured. And when the element of drugs is added, I cannot see how this can be avoided. I, for one, support your proposed rule changes.

DAVID WEEKS
North Bend, Ore.

Sir:

Good for you, SI. Finally a major magazine candidly exposes the massive use of dangerous drugs in football. If Pete Rozelle is so sure that pro football players do not use drugs, then why doesn't he institute mandatory urinalysis for all players?

LAWRENCE STERNBERG
Wantagh, N.Y.

Sir:

Hats off—or shall we say helmets off?—to John Underwood. His series vividly challenges football to initiate safety changes. It's too bad ancient gladiators did not have today's modern football helmet. They could have thrown aside their weapons and merely "speared" one another.

JACK GRAY
San Diego

Sir:

John Underwood's series makes a powerful statement. It is almost as effective as an ad currently appearing on television for your magazine. You may have seen it. It features "hitters" and concludes with Lyle Alzado taking a bat out of Steve Garvey's hands while musing, "I gotta get me one of these."

It is reassuring to know that the business side of your magazine does not control your editorial policies. It would, of course, be too much to hope that the editorial side might influence your business practices.

CLIFFORD D. ALLO
Ypsilanti, Mich.

Sir:

John Underwood's series is a sideliner's point of view. Now a lot of parents will be too afraid to let little Johnny play football, because he'll run into a 200-pound defensive tackle and hurt himself.

I am now a junior at Choctaw High School and I have played football for six years. I have suffered no serious injuries on the field, but I've seen and given out a few. Football is a *contact* sport; it should not be built up to be anything else. If a coach tells me to center the ball and protect the quarterback, well, I'm going to block the guy in front of me any way I can. If that means I've got to crab-block him or throw a forearm to his windpipe, I'm going to do just that, because he's going to try to do the same.

If I get the chance to tackle a fleet back, I'm going to put my face mask in his numbers so hard that I hope he never gets up. Someday I hope to teach the way I play. Stick him before he sticks you!

DAVID DEATON
Choctaw, Okla.

Sir:

There is nothing more satisfying in football than plastering the quarterback. If quarterbacks can't take earning their big money, let them play basketball.

KYLER FOSTER
Moorestown, N.J.

Sir:

I think you are dead wrong and I think all other guards would agree with me. The "chop block" should not be eliminated in the "clipping zone." I've played football since I was nine, and up to this, my sophomore year in high school, I've been a major user of the chop block in the legal clipping zone. I also think your 11 ways to play "nice" football stink. It sounds like you invented a new game, not football.

FILAERT ARZOLA
La Puente, Calif.

Sir:

Your discussion of the damaging impact of headfirst tackling techniques brought to mind a concussion I "won" in a one-on-one tackling drill in high school during my sophomore season. Although I had dropped the runner with a shoulder tackle, I repeated the drill, this time sticking my head in the numbers. I guess my concussion proved to the coach that I was a tough guy. As a 15-year-old linebacker, that meant a lot to me. Now as a 25-year-old with recurring neck aches, I realize those tackling techniques were for the birds.

MARK H. MASSÉ
Cleveland

Sir:

Although it is obvious from his letter (Aug. 28) that John Blacksher is in favor of using his helmet, it is equally apparent that he has not yet begun to use his head.

MARY JANE RYAN
Burlington, Conn.

Sir:

One need look no further than John Blacksher's letter for sufficient reason to make significant changes in football.

RAYMOND BUSBEE
Greenville, N.C.

Sir:

In addition to the proposed rule changes, I would add two borrowed from basketball. 1) keep track of personal fouls—after a certain number a player fouls out; 2) call "technical fouls" for flagrant personal fouls and for abusive language directed at officials. In the latter case, give the other team a free one-point field-goal try from the 40-yard line.

MIKE BELL
Fallbrook, Calif.

Sir:

Fining a professional athlete who makes more money than the President for unsportsmanlike conduct would be analogous to slapping the wrist of a criminal in a court of law. It wouldn't carry much weight as a useful deterrent. However, if we believe that good sportsmanship is the coach's responsibility, then I suggest: 1) that fines for bad sportsmanship be increased; and 2) that coaches be made to pay half of them.

DAN O'ROURKE
Soledad, Calif.

JIMBO

Sir:

I have been following Jimmy Connors' career since he first burst upon the tennis scene, and I'm sure I've read just about everything that's ever been written about him. Frank Deford's piece *Raised by Women to Conquer*

continued

IT'S NOT A COMPACT
IT'S NOT COMPONENTS
IT'S A WHOLE NEW THING

And it's from Sony. It's called our "Go-Together" stereo.

What we've done is organize a complete stereo system for you like a compact and offer it to you as a whole or in pieces like components.

Let's go over this piece by piece. First, the receiver. It's got Sony's unique "Program Sensor" tuning system, which means you can pre-set the AM/FM radio for up to ten of your favorite stations and mute out stations you don't want. How nice!

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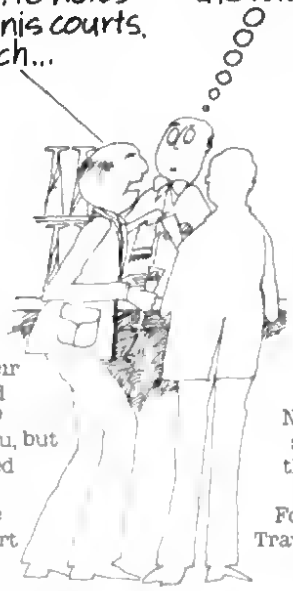

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Men (Aug. 28) is, in my estimation, the finest, most complete and perceptive analysis of Connors—the player and the man—ever written. As Deford astutely points out, Connors is a jumble of contradictions; this, coupled with the fact that he and his mother Gloria mistrust the press, must have made writing the article a demanding, frustrating task for Deford. I hope Jimmy reads it.

PETER STAMELMAN
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Sir:

It was interesting to find out what has made Jimmy Connors tick. But for anyone to say that Jimbo has turned tabby is ridiculous. In '78 he has won nine tournaments and he leads in Grand Prix points. I hope his tiger juices flow at Flushing Meadow.

GRANT PALMER
Chambersburg, Pa.

TED TURNER

Sir:

Your profile of Atlanta's Ted Turner was a delight (*Going Real Strawwng*, Aug. 21). It was a pleasure to discover that my hometown does not have a monopoly on thoroughly revolting people.

JEFFREY TOOBIN
New York City

Sir:

It is amazing that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED would devote so much space—any space at all—to a blowhard like Ted Turner. He wouldn't know honor if he fell over it.

GLENN RIFKIN
Watertown, Mass.

Sir:

Although he sometimes seems to speak without thinking, Ted Turner is a refreshing breeze in professional athletics. His carefree attitude and successful record should be a lesson to others who go through life taking themselves too seriously. Turner is one owner whom I'd truly like to meet.

BRUCE J. BERNSTEIN
Brockton, Mass.

Sir:

As a TV man, professional team owner and sailor, Ted Turner may be a star, but as a military historian he doesn't shine so brightly. Alexander the Great won battles at Granicus, Issus and Arbela, as Turner wrote in his youthful poem. He also routed the Persians at Gaugamela, as Turner says. But the battles of Arbela and Gaugamela count for only one game in the standings, because they were the same battle. Gaugamela was a plain about 20 miles outside of the city of Arbela, and the historic battle fought there in 331 B.C. inherited both names. As one named after the loser at Arbela-Gaugamela, I should know.

DARIUS COLLINS
Los Angeles

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